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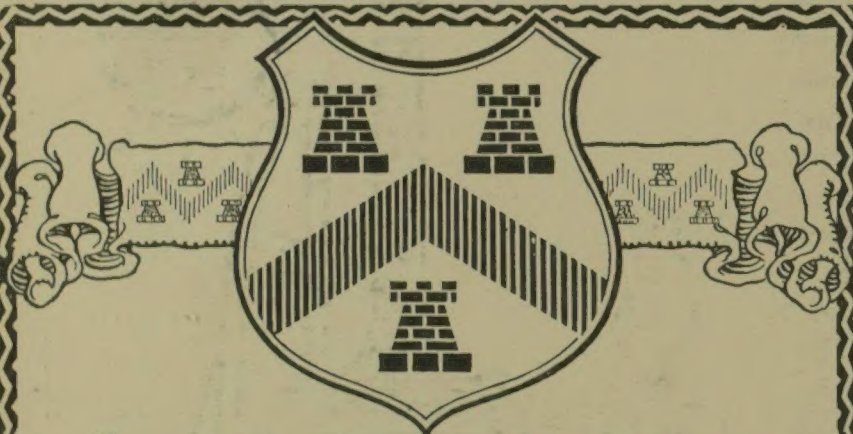
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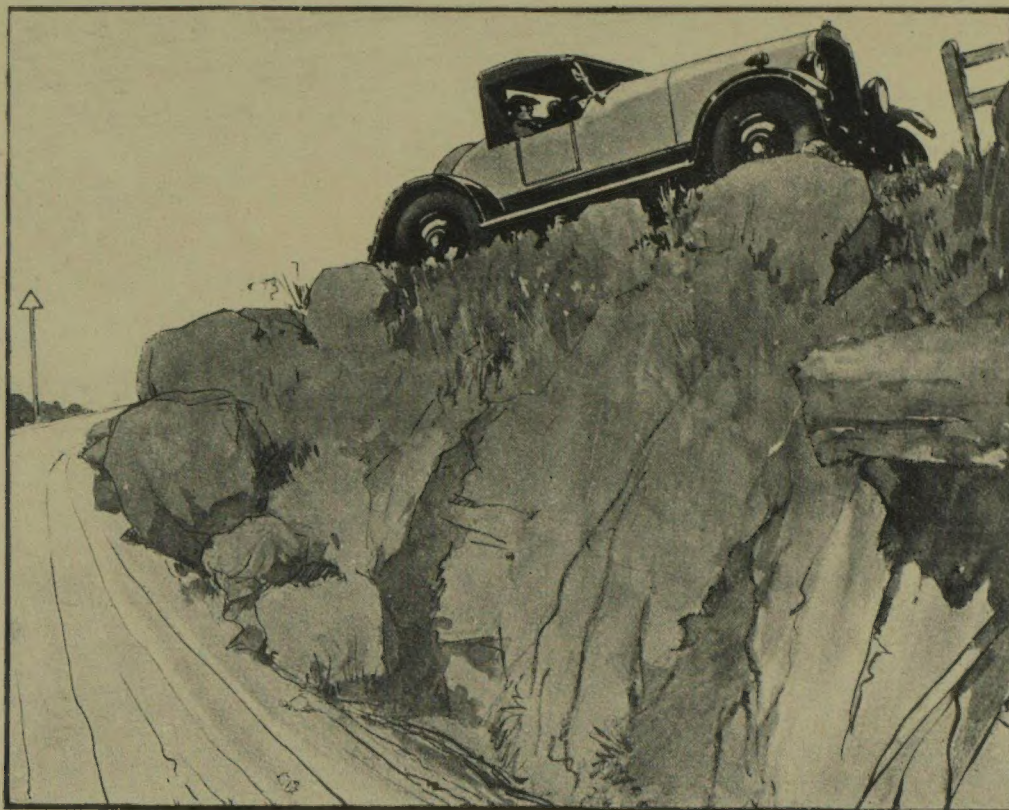


OL110-125

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What I see on the Road

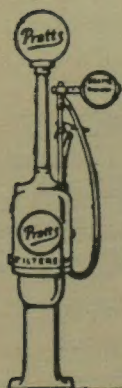
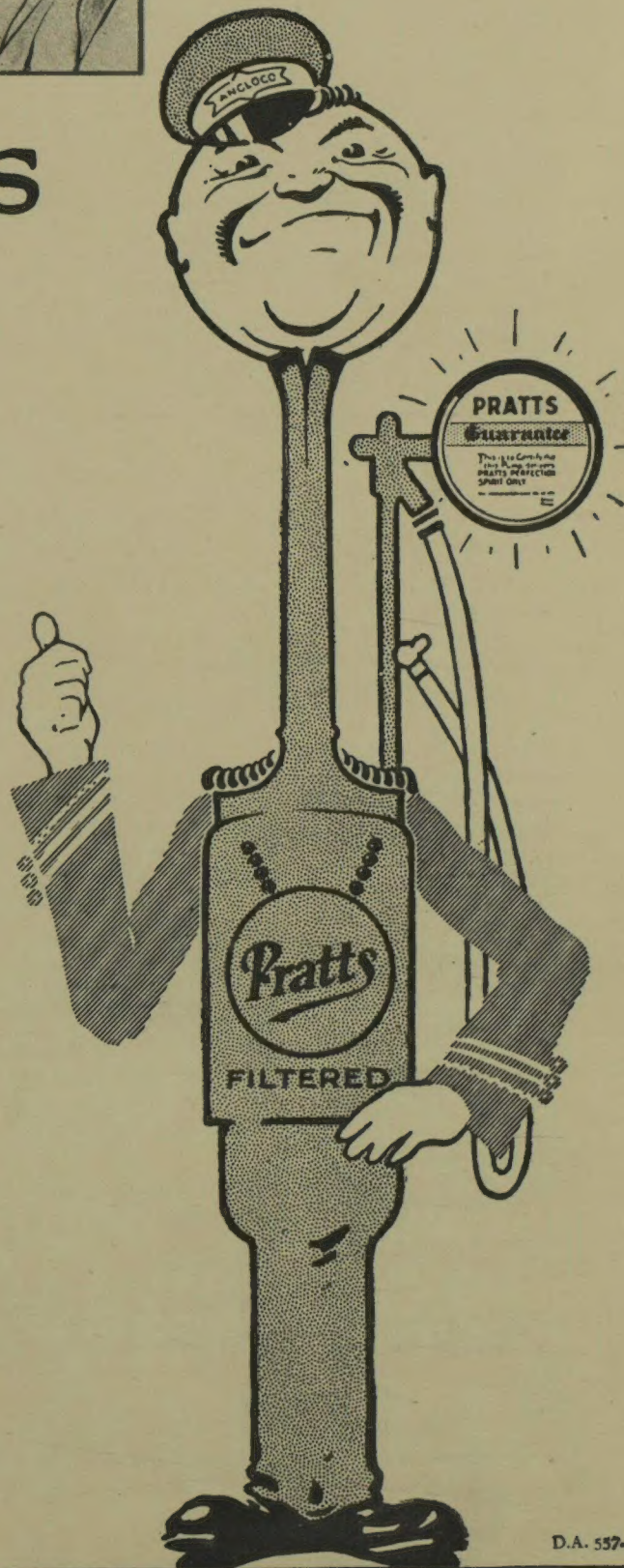
by
Tommy Pratt-kins
OF THE
PETROL PATROL



Nº5

Wisdom on Hills

WHY some motorists try to rush up a hill on top gear is a mystery to me. The gear box is intended for use on hills and in traffic. Of course, many drivers try to get up a hill on top because they dislike changing down, but with a little practice this operation becomes quite noiseless. When a steep hill is reached, change into lower gear early. This gives you an ample reserve of power in hand. Then with a reliable fuel in your tank—Pratts of course—even the steepest hill can be taken comfortably. When descending hills change into lower gear. The most dangerous hill in the country can be descended slowly and under perfect control if drivers would stop and change into low gear to begin with. The throttle can then be closed without shutting off the engine, which acts as its own brake. Of course, the engine will soot up with some petrols, but this is avoided by purchasing only Pratts Perfection, the guaranteed pure, uniform and reliable spirit from the Golden Pump.



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SOCIAL PROBLEMS

3.



Fougasse

A, who has been beguiling the tedium of a long railway journey by regaling his travelling companion with stories of the fabulous sums to be made by judicious speculation, (with equally fabulous personal examples), discovers that the said companion is his local Income-Tax Assessor, with whom he is at the moment engaged in controversial correspondence concerning the injustice of his current assessment.

What should A do?

Of course—LIGHT AN ABDULLA.

Fougasse.

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Egyptian

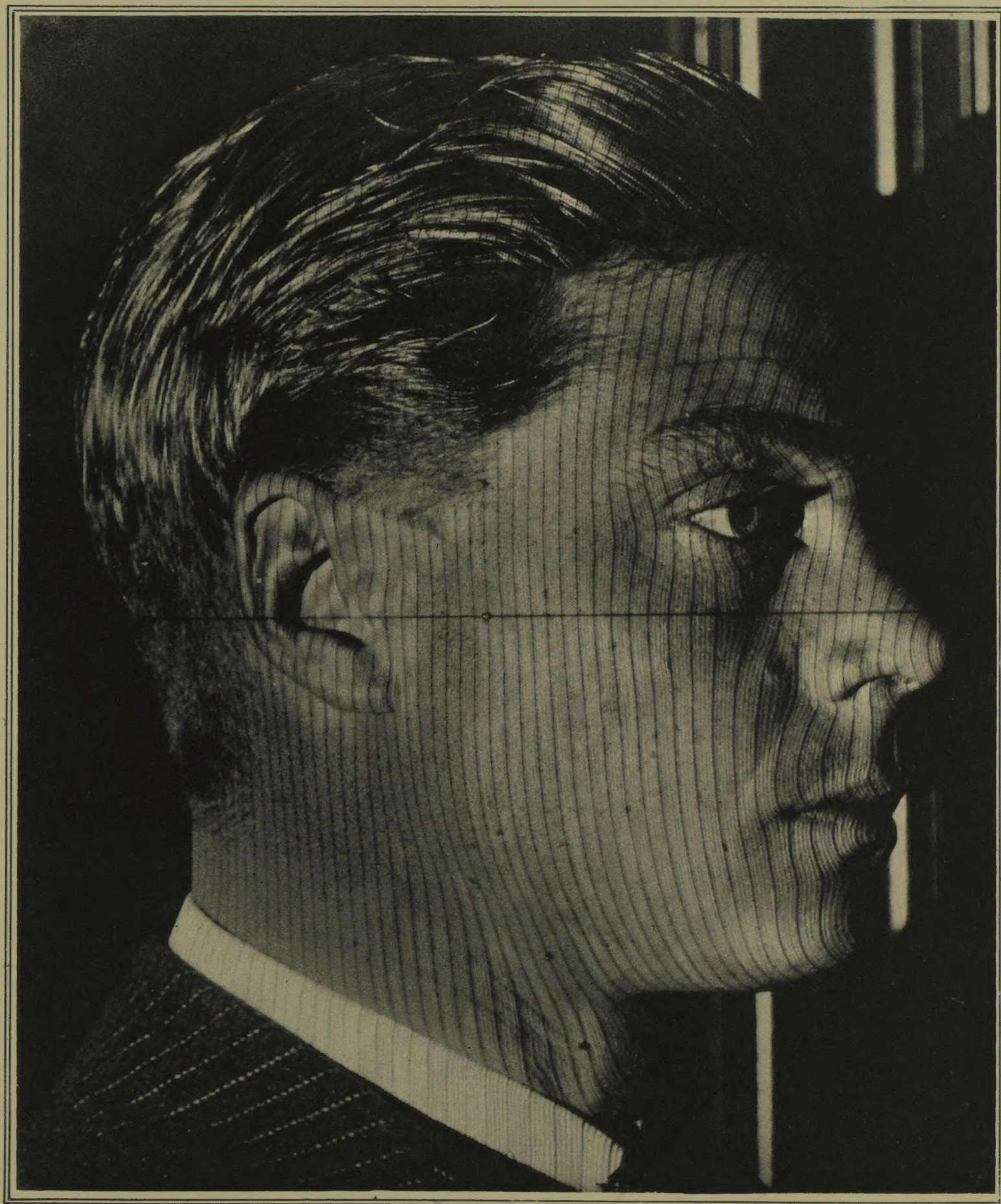
Virginia

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1925.

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A STAGE IN PHOTO-SCULPTURE PROCESS: A "PARALLEL-LINED" PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The above photograph, which is among those on view at the exhibition of the Professional Photographers' Association, shows a stage in the production of the photo-sculpture bust of the Prince of Wales illustrated on page 468. In this process a series of fine parallel lines engraved upon a sheet of glass are projected by a powerful lantern on the face of the sitter, who is then photographed from two points. The negatives show the image of the person, and also the fine lines across the face, which naturally appear as curved lines as they fall across the features. The plates are then enlarged to a particular size on glass transparencies and placed in a specially constructed carving machine, in which a large

number (several hundred) of parallel furrows are carved by a revolving drill in a block of material, the drill being controlled by the contour lines registered on the plate. The result is a portrait in relief, or in the round, which is remarkably life-like. The fine lines are not visible normally on the hair of the sitter, and the finishing of the hair has to be done by hand. For this purpose a separate photograph is taken in exactly the position of the projecting apparatus, and this is used by the finisher. Photo-sculpture is a process invented by Captain H. M. Edmunds, M.C., late Scots Guards, and worked commercially by the Cameograph Company, Ltd., of 45, Pall Mall.—[BY PERMISSION OF THE COMEOGRAPH COMPANY, LTD.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONCE very nearly wrote a fairy tale on the old theme of a country where all wishes come true; and where, as a matter of fact, everybody maintained a terrified silence, being afraid to mention anything for fear it should happen. Not only their fancies, but their figures of speech would instantly materialise; so that, if a man inadvertently observed "I must have lost my head," his head instantly rolled away like a cannon-ball; or if he said, "I'm rather up a tree just now," he was borne aloft by a sprouting palm or pine that sprang up immediately under him. The result was that everybody felt a little nervous; as I sometimes think most of us would feel in most of the Utopias and ideal social states. But I am beginning to feel a little nervous now; because I rather fancy we must be living in a fairy-land of this kind. The world is growing so wild and experimental that almost everything that can be suggested as a fancy is found to be already a fact.

Now, I am far from suggesting that the experiment of acting "Hamlet" in modern costume is quite so quaint a conception as any of these. Doubtless there is a great deal to be said for it; but, among the things to be said against it is the fact that I myself suggested it a long time ago in *The Illustrated London News*. Somewhere in the appalling stacks of journalistic stuff that I have contributed to this page, there can be found a foolish passage to the effect that Hamlet is so modern that he might well appear in evening dress with a cigarette. But I meant it to be a foolish passage. I meant it merely as a passing fancy; and I was much amused when I discovered that this also had been carried out by more serious persons in a more solid manner. I remember saying about the same time something that is not irrelevant to the issue. I pointed out that, as a matter of fact, this is the only period of human history when it would have seemed particularly incongruous or inconceivable to act a heroic scene in the costume of the period. People use this argument and say, "Shakespeare thought of Hamlet as a sixteenth-century gentleman; Garrick acted Hamlet as an eighteenth-century gentleman; why cannot we present him as a twentieth-century gentleman?" The obvious answer is: "Why indeed?" Why do we feel the costume of our period to be unsuitable? The very question proves that we *do* feel it to be unsuitable. There must be some reason for our feeling, so different from the feeling of our fathers. Is it conceivable that there may be something a little unsuitable to the soul of man about the costume? Or about the period?

I think the answer is that to dress Hamlet up in the second-hand clothes of the Manchester merchant of the nineteenth century is not to free him, but to restrain him. And what we call modern costume is simply the last patchwork compromise of the hideous black commercial uniform that the Victorians thought correct and conventional. A man is much freer in an inky cloak than he is in an inky coat. And when the Victorian merchants wore customary suits of solemn black, they were not confined to one individual, to one tragic prince rather ostentatiously in mourning. They really were customary suits; and no bank clerk was allowed to go to business in anything else. What we call modern costume is simply the remains of that queer Puritanical convention;

and to make Hamlet modern is not in the least to make him more unconventional. It is to make him more conventional. But I feel this to be even more true in the case of the King, the villain of the story. A dramatic critic for whose judgment I have a very high regard indeed declares that King Claudius becomes much more vivid and human in modern costume. In one sense this may be true, but not in the sense in which I have always understood the



THE NEW PROCESS OF PHOTO-SCULPTURE: A FINE EXAMPLE OF A PARTLY FINISHED CARVING.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK IN PHOTO-SCULPTURE: A CARVING FROM WHICH A WEDGWOOD MINIATURE WAS PRODUCED.

The new process of photo-sculpture, which, as these photographs show, produces portraits of remarkable fidelity, is briefly described on our front page, with an illustration of a stage in the production of the bust of the Prince of Wales. These examples are on view at the exhibition of the Professional Photographers' Association.

Photographs by Permission of the Cameograph Company, Ltd., 45, Pall Mall.

character of that agreeable gentleman. The point interests me a little, because (to reveal a dark episode in my life), I did once, in one sense, act King Claudius in modern costume. It was, indeed, in a very mild private reading of "Hamlet"; but even there I felt that the modern setting made the reading far too mild. It was in my own house; and I became painfully conscious of all the respects in which that lowly cot differs from the Castle of Elsinore.

Whatever else King Claudius was, it struck me at the time that he was a very noisy gentleman. He was very fond of noise; apparently, like a true artist, of noise for noise's sake. Again and again there is mention of his taste for having his smallest domestic actions saluted with a blare of trumpets and a roar of guns. He himself declares it in glorious blank verse that thunders like the guns and trumpets. Hamlet mentions it, in a passage of imperfect sympathy, which has sometimes given me a horrible feeling that Hamlet had a hankering after temperance. Anyhow the King's toasts at table and similar things were always saluted in this stupendous and crashing style. And I felt considerable sympathy, and even envy. I wish that, whenever I happen to drink a glass of wine, a small park of artillery in the back garden could be timed to explode and the echoes roll back respeaking earthly thunder. I wish there were a brass band, with cannons in the orchestra in the Russian manner, to punctuate any little social observation I might have to make, such as "Shall we join the ladies?" or "Take another cigar." That was the way King Claudius went through life; and I do seriously think it throws, and was meant to throw, a great deal of light on his character.

I think Claudius is a very fine and true study of the Usurper; because he is the man who really wants to be King. A man must take the monarchy very seriously to be a Usurper. In a certain somewhat irregular sense, he must be an extreme Royalist, or even an extreme Loyalist. And in the sixteenth century especially the Crown was really a sort of dizzy and divine glory; like having stolen the sun out of the sky. That I think is the meaning of all the towering pomp of trumpet and cannon with which this Usurper surrounds himself; he is enjoying what he has stolen. He has not stolen mere money; he is not enjoying mere land; what he is enjoying is being *Dominus Rex*. And that explains, what nobody else ever really explains, why Shakespeare has put into the mouth of this low impostor and assassin the most stately declaration of the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings. That is why he says, "There's such divinity doth hedge a king." That is why in facing the fury of Laertes he can play the man, because he can play the king. The liar fights bravely for his lie. The dream of royalty he has raised around him has become a sort of reality. It is for this that he lives; and for this, in the queer inversion of human virtue, he will almost die. Perhaps it was something hypnotic and overpowering in his haughty pose that drove Hamlet to such raging recriminations about his pettiness and baseness, comparing him to a pickpocket and a slave.

Now my conception of Claudius may be right or wrong, but, anyhow, it is a character Shakespeare might well have drawn. But it is a character that no man in modern clothes could really represent. We do not fire off cannons when we drink a glass of claret any more than we wear crowns when we are kings, or swords when we are gentlemen. The whole of that superb self-expression of the Usurper in pomp and noise becomes impossible. The fulfilment of the false king's dream cannot even be suggested in modern scenery. It may have many morals; but the moral that strikes me is that of the extreme narrowness of the modern world.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 500, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

THE HERETIC PHARAOH "ABNORMAL PHYSICALLY": REMARKABLE STATUES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES." DESCRIPTIVE NOTE BY MR. HOWARD CARTER.



ALMOST ALWAYS REPRESENTED IN EGYPTIAN ART AS EPICENE IN TYPE: AKHENATEN—A STATUE RECENTLY FOUND AT KARNAK.

1
THE following description of these remarkable statues has been written specially for this paper by Mr. Howard Carter, the famous Egyptologist and discoverer of the tomb of Tutankhamen: "The work of the Egyptian Government, now in progress, on a drainage scheme, aiming at the preservation of the great temples of Karnak from damage caused by corrosive salts resulting from the annual infiltration of Nile water, has uncovered remarkable specimens of Egyptian art. This discovery takes form in important fragments of two twice-life-size

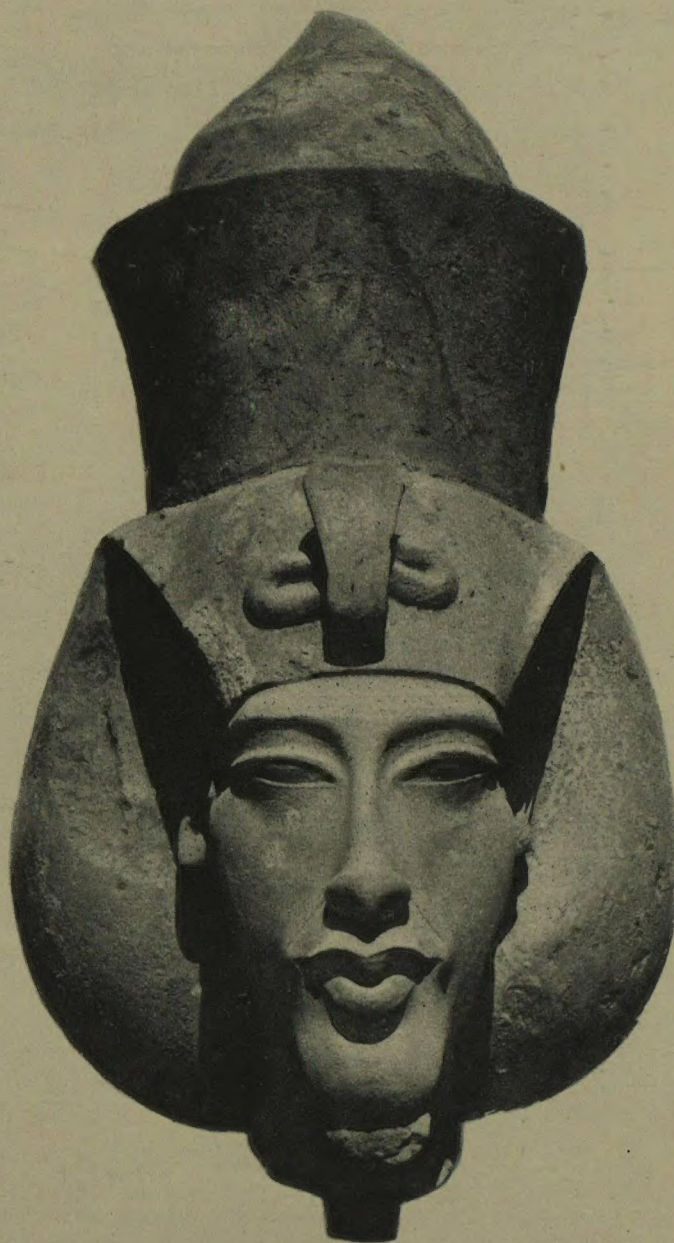
[Continued in Box 2.]



WITH A UNIQUE FEATURE IN COSTUME—THE ENDS OF THE WIG HANGING DOWN: A REMARKABLE FIGURE OF AKHENATEN.

2
statues of that famous heretic Pharaoh, Akhenaten, son of the magnificent Amenhetep III., and father-in-law of Tutankhamen. Akhenaten, when he overthrew the worship of Amen, abandoned Thebes, founded a new city called Akhetaten (circa 1375 B.C.), and encouraged a new religion, art, and ethics. From the many representations of Akhenaten depicted upon the monuments of his reign, it would appear that this heretic must have been abnormal physically as well as perhaps mentally—the pictures of him are always almost epicene in type, showing characteristics of both sexes. These new and remarkable statues seem to be extreme examples of, to us, the grotesque exaggeration in portraiture met with in this reign. The ancient Egyptians were undoubtedly great observers of nature, but they created memorised accepted types rather than

[Continued in Box 3.]



WITH PRONOUNCED ELONGATION OF FACIAL FEATURES PROBABLY DESIGNED TO COUNTERACT FORESHORTENING DUE TO HEIGHT: A FRONT VIEW OF THE HEAD OF THE LEFT-HAND STATUE SHOWN ABOVE.

3
made direct copies. This, I think, would account for the exaggerated characteristics portrayed in these figures of Akhenaten. The attenuations, especially in the face, are, I think, due to the result of careful forethought. These double-life-size statues must have stood some ten feet or more in height, and in all probability were mounted upon high pedestals. Thus, the elongation of certain features of these figures, when viewed from below would, owing to foreshortening, appear normal. The curious dress is also a peculiar feature of this reign. The fact that the ends of the ceremonial wig appear over the front of the shoulders, below the conventional linen head-dress, is quite new and unique. These are interesting examples of El Amarna. Egyptian art, on the discovery of which the officials at Karnak are to be congratulated."

The fact that these very interesting statues were discovered at Karnak, which forms part of ancient Thebes, caused some surprise, seeing that Akhenaten left Thebes (as Mr. Howard Carter mentions above) when he founded his new capital at the place now known as El Amarna. Dr. H. R. Hall, of the British Museum, has explained that many statues of the King may have been hidden at Thebes, while others were destroyed there by priests. The artistic naturalism that marked his reign, and is so striking in the new statues, is discussed by Dr. Hall in his "Ancient History of the Near East," where he writes: "The King always speaks in his inscriptions of his adherence to 'truth' with an emphasis worthy of Darius

the Persian. He wished everything and everybody, including himself, to be represented as they really were. . . . In the relief of Tell El Amarna . . . we see the King represented in what must be almost a caricature of his facial and bodily peculiarities. Probably he liked these peculiarities to be so exaggerated; his already long nose and chin to be made longer, his belly to be represented as pendulous, his legs as bowed." The newly found statues, which are of sandstone, have upon them raised cartouches covered with the name of Akhenaten. Since the discovery they have been taken to the Cairo Museum to be restored and placed on exhibition.

Stories of the Great: A Critic in his Anecdotalage.

"MUSICIANS AND MUMMERS." By HERMAN KLEIN.*

THERE is a notion that the journalist—and the actor—stumbles into his profession after he has failed by inches in at least one other. In the past, there was a good deal of truth in this. It is not so in our highly specialised age; and it was by no means always so in the less palmy days. Mr. Herman Klein is a virile and versatile witness. He became a musical critic thanks to environment and effort. His temperament determined his work; his conscience compelled him to train himself for the task.

His father was a master forcing languages into childish brains, and, as such, he influenced him little; but he fostered an inborn love of the theatre. His mother was a fashionable teacher of dancing, only rivalled in Norwich by a grandson of the famous Jean Georges Noverre, the eighteenth-century reformer of the ballet of the Paris Opéra. Little less important was his uncle, Philip Soman, part proprietor of that lively "local," the *Norwich Argus*, for he provided the smell of printer's ink!

His boyhood and youth might have been calculated preparation for his later years. In 1863, when he was but seven, he heard Jenny Lind, whom a Bishop of Norwich persuaded to quit the operatic stage "as being necessarily identified with that wicked and immoral place, the theatre"; also Tietjens, whom James Davison called "the last of the great line of dramatic singers"; Trebelli, perfect save for her "shake," which Cipriani Potter declared was "so slow and wide that you could throw a hat between the notes"; Sims Reeves, with voice of velvety charm; and Charles Santley, one of the finest baritones of the nineteenth century, and the first singer to be knighted—at the age of seventy-four!

And he was to become familiar with the Norwich Festival; with Edward Bunnett's organ recitals; with Italian operas and English ballad operas, "miscellaneous" concerts, and the playing of the regimental band from the cavalry barracks.

At the same time, the stage fascinated him. The very sight of the yard-long play-bills thrilled him. He yearned to be an actor. He saw melodrama and burlesque, "Caste" and other Robertson pieces; Dumas's "Dame aux Camélias," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel," "Monte Cristo," and what not. Further, he was to wonder at the "silver tickets" which passed their possessors into the boxes. "Only in the course of time," he writes, "did I ascertain that they were proprietary tokens acquired in the past by worthy folk who had invested money in the building and bequeathed them to their families. By legal right, therefore, their owners could never be refused admission. That seemed perfectly fair. But I was not quite so sure about it when I came to learn that these 'silver tickets' were to be hired at a cheap figure at certain small shops in the city, the proceeds, less commission, going to the owners."

At school in London, he was with Tommy Robertson, only son of T. W. Robertson; and with Weedon Grossmith. He met such personalities as Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) and Teresa Furtado, of the Adelphi. He went to see the Bancrofts, at the old Prince of Wales's; Irving in "Hunted Down," at the old St. James's; Dickens reading at the St. James's Hall. Of Irving's "haunting husband" he writes: "I had never until then seen an actor of his 'hypnotic' type. There were moments, I remember,

when he made me want to scream; one, in particular, when I would have shouted, had I dared, to warn his wife that he was behind her chair." Of Dickens in 1870, he says: "Using the art of a consummate actor, he identified himself with every character. . . . I have always retained the impression that Charles Dickens was greater as a reader or reciter in his gruesome moments than in his lighter passages, though nowhere greater, perhaps, than in his realisation of sheer pathos. Yet, as one listened to him, the laughter responded quite as quickly as the tears."

Even the young Klein's early essays at business—they cannot be reckoned seriously as a part of his career—helped him towards his ultimate end. "A year's clerical work with a Portuguese Baron who sold his port wine in London and lived in Dorset Square," and "another of useful experience in the service of the old firm of Gillows, in Oxford Street," left him leisure to pursue the pleasures of experiences that were to be of the utmost value to him; and a spell in Liverpool was to be even better. There he heard Best on the St. George's Hall organ; grand

that was often necessary to induce them to have a photograph taken—nay, even to lend me one. Most of these unsophisticated 'stars' did not want to be advertised. They did not mind whether it cost them anything or not; they did not wish the public to see what they looked like in private life, and if the public desired to see them 'in character' they could gratify that wish by coming to the theatre! . . . The inimitable Nelly Farren positively refused to give me a line for her biography; while another popular lady of the stage, Miss Ada Cavendish, would fain have withheld her photo, on the ground that 'no one could possibly be interested to see it.' Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Henry Labouchere) was equally unwilling. Adelaide Neilson explained that the pictorial posters were the management's affair, not hers, and with great reluctance consented to the use of a photograph of herself as Amy Robsart. Shades of Crummies!

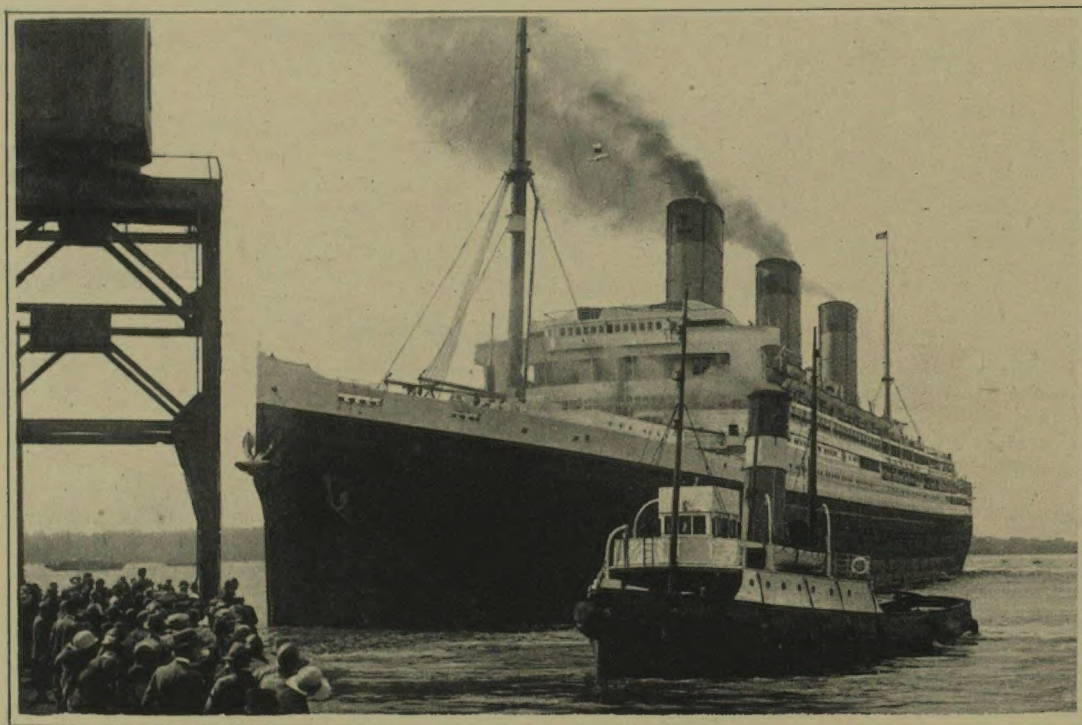
It was different with Mary Anderson. Notes Mr. Klein: "The late Mr. William Downey (the Royal photographer) told me in 1885 that she had sat for him on twelve occasions and that he possessed

two hundred negatives of her—all more or less fascinating pictures. For selling purposes they were, he declared, the most popular in Europe, though in the United Kingdom, Mrs. Langtry was a powerful rival. The 'Jersey Lily,' as the latter was called, sat for Mr. Downey innumerable times, and he had four hundred negatives of her. Down to that time, in fact, he had sold over a quarter of a million photographs of Mrs. Langtry." Fame was Fame then, whatever form it took. There were no half-measures in the adoration of favourites; and there were fewer momentary and misjudged misjudgments—for the Press Agent was not!

Other days, other labours for Mr. Klein, and always interesting adventures amongst the musicians and the mummeters. He has the actors and actresses, composers, singers, conductors, instrumentalists, impresarios, and publishers, at his nib's end; and about each class he has much that is worth the saying. He ranges from the Victorian and frequently

vapid to the Russian and occasionally oppressive; from the bad ballad to polyglot opera, the "Pops" and the "Proms"; from individuals to bands and orchestras, music popular and music precious. "Names" pepper his pages. Wagner is shown as chagrined at the failure of the Bayreuth Festival, in 1876, which resulted in a deficit of £7000, and as a nervous, flustered conductor who had to give up the baton to Hans Richter, "who knew the whole of the Wagner scores by heart and never required a note of music, who conducted more by glance than by gesture." Salvini is seen as the superbly savage Othello, "using the unfamiliar gesture of an African" when he "drove the dagger into his jugular vein and hacked it across his throat until it seemed that his head must fall off." Then there are George Bernard Shaw as musical critic; Benedict; Carl Rosa, at the beginning of his enterprise; Gilbert and Sullivan; Augustus Harris; Chaliapin; the de Reszkes; August Manns; Mapleson; Melba; Patti; Tetrassini; Henry Wood; Ibsen, "highly amused to hear that his partisans and enemies in England were in the habit of holding heated debates"; Saint-Saëns; Beecham—and many another name to conjure with.

Mr. Klein erred as a critic when he wrote: "Story, God bless you, I have none to tell!" even though he added: "Yet I fancy I am going to get nearer to one this time." He has a very sound story to tell, and he tells it admirably well. E. H. G.



A BLOW TO SOUTHAMPTON STRIKERS: THE "MAJESTIC" SAILS FOR NEW YORK AT SCHEDULED TIME IN SPITE OF THE DEFECTION OF SOME OF HER CREW, WHO WERE REPLACED BY SUBSTITUTES.

The seamen's strike which began at Southampton on August 30, as a development of the more serious agitation in Australia, received a strong set-back on September 2, when the White Star liner "Majestic" sailed for New York in spite of the defection of part of the regular crew. The places of the strikers were taken by experienced men who were transferred to the liner from a tug in Cowes Roads. Further photographs of strike scenes at Southampton appear on page 471.—[Photograph by C.N.]

opera at the Theatre Royal; Tietjens, Trebelli, Agnesi, Ilma di Murska—who travelled with a Newfoundland dog, a cat, a monkey, and two parrots—Italo Campanini, Marie Marimon, and Signor Foli, the metamorphosed Jack Foley, of Ireland; and there he saw Ristori, as Mary Queen of Scots and as Marie Antoinette. There, too, his shipping-merchant employer being an enthusiastic amateur, he was encouraged to play piano accompaniments, to sing in the choir of a dramatic and musical society, and to squeeze into the gallery of the Philharmonic Hall to listen enthralled to the Beethoven-like Louis Reis, Joachim, Zerbini, and Piatti, the famous "Pop" Quartet.

A brief while as assistant to his mother; then the real beginning. Innocent of all journalism, save a few odd paragraphs and a letter to the *Norwich Argus*, and still studying singing under Garcia, he persuaded Major-General Le Poer Trench to let him become "sole editor, literary contributor, and manager" of the *Operatic and Dramatic Album*, a monthly publication—then without reading matter—"featuring" lithographic portraits of celebrities.

The position was more thankless than it seems. The great ones of the earth disliked personal publicity as ardently as most of them adore it now! "It will hardly be believed to-day, I dare say," writes Mr. Klein, "that my main difficulty lay, not in the choice of celebrities, but in the amount of persuasion

* "Musicians and Mummeters." By Herman Klein, Author of "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London," "The Reign of Patti," "The Bel Canto," etc. (Cassell and Co.; £1 1s. net.)

STRIKE FAILURES AT SOUTHAMPTON: BIG LINERS SAIL AS USUAL.

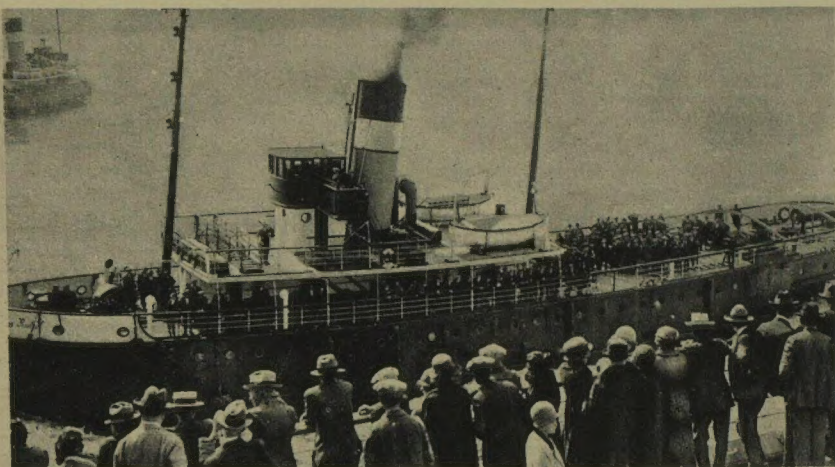
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, L.N.A., AND G.P.U.



"DIVIDED WE FALL": A PROCESSION OF STRIKERS AT SOUTHAMPTON, ORGANISED BY THE AMALGAMATED MARINE WORKERS' UNION TO PREVENT THE "MAJESTIC" FROM SAILING.



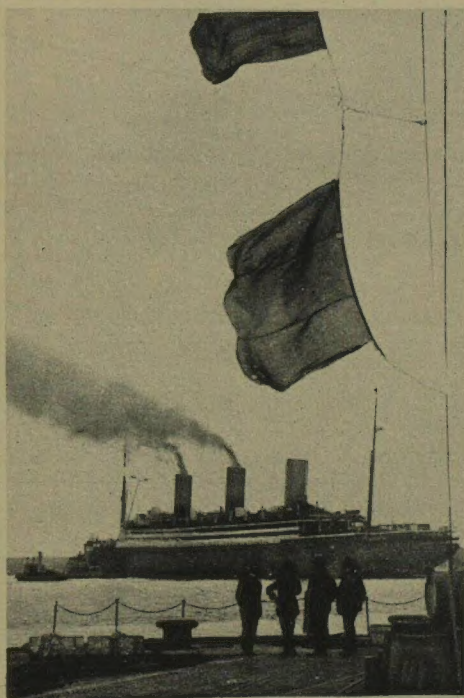
THE UNSUCCESSFUL STRIKE IN THE "MAJESTIC": STRIKERS FROM THE CREW OF THAT AND OTHER LINERS WAITING TO "SIGN OFF" THE DAY BEFORE SHE SAILED.



HOW THE "MAJESTIC" WAS ENABLED TO SAIL TO TIME: PASSENGERS ON DECK WATCHING THE TUG "FLYING KESTREL" COMING ALONGSIDE WITH SOME 200 SUBSTITUTE MEN, OFF COWES.



BROUGHT TWENTY MILES BY SEA TO MEET THE "MAJESTIC" IN COWES ROADS: RECRUITS TO REPLACE STRIKERS BOARDING THE LINER FROM THE "FLYING KESTREL."



WITH HER REGULAR CREW: THE "BERENGARIA" LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON TO TIME—SHOWING THE "ALL CLEAR" SIGNAL.



DISAPPOINTED BY THEIR FAILURE TO PREVENT THE "MAJESTIC" FROM SAILING: A MASS MEETING (AFTERWARDS DISPERSED) OF STRIKERS AT SOUTHAMPTON.



STRIKE EXPRESSIONS: THE AGITATOR AND HIS AUDIENCE—MR. MCCONNELL, SECRETARY OF THE A.M.W.U., HARANGUING STRIKERS.

The efforts of the Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union and of Communist agitators to extend to British ports the strike among seamen, which began in Australia, caused some trouble at Southampton, especially for a time in the Cross-Channel services. Some 1400 men came out, including members of the crew of the White Star liner "Majestic," but (as noted on page 470) substitutes were obtained, and the ship sailed to time on September 2. Still more significant, as indicating the failure of the strike, was the fact that the Cunarder "Beren-garia" sailed on the 5th, as arranged, with her regular crew. She and the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of France," which left the same day, were the first two

vessels that had sailed with their own crews since the strike began at Southampton on August 30. Some of the crew of the "Olympic," which was due to sail on September 9, joined the strikers, but it was stated that the company could get enough men from elsewhere to enable her to leave on that date. In promoting the strike, the A.M.W.U. acted in opposition to the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, which upheld the agreement with shipowners for a reduction of £1 a month in seamen's wages owing to the depression in the industry. This reduction corresponded to the amount of an advance in wages made a year ago provisionally on an expected improvement in trade.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

IN response to my tap on the door of his South London apartment, the voice of Mr. Havelock Ellis, as he opened it to me, was most pleasant in its cheery, high-pitched note. His gay cordiality contrasted delightfully with the more grave and serious demeanour that I had unreasonably anticipated. I am prone, subconsciously, to preconceptions as to the manner and appearance of people I am about to meet, and on meeting them wonder often why I had formed a mental image of them at all. Whatever portraits I had seen of my present sitter had faded in my memory, and the second very agreeable surprise was to find him so splendidly adapted, physically, to portraiture. Tall and slender, his patriarchal head, with its luxuriant ivory mane and beard, constituted an invitation and a challenge for any artist, and from examples on his walls I could see that he had not been neglected. His ruddy skin was heightened in effect by contrast with his hair; and his keen blue eyes, obliquely set, laughed merrily from under bushy brows.

Having made a considerable number of portraits in recent years of people upon whom my eyes had never rested until the first sitting, I confessed to Mr. Ellis that I was tempted to shout with joy at my first glimpse of him. In this game of "sitters unseen" fortune is not always so kind. In different attitudes and varying expressions his splendid head suggested to me Tolstoi, Carlyle, and Bernard Shaw. He confessed that a likeness to the first had often been noted, and that he had been mistaken for the last on several occasions. Because of the almost pagan slant of his eyes, he said that some of his friends had dubbed him Pan, the satyr, or the faun, to which he retorted that worse names might easily be applied to one, for at least these personages ranked as lesser gods.

I tried, as our conversation progressed, to get my sitter to talk about himself, but in this I was only partially successful. He seemed to prefer to explore me and my ideas instead, and in the discussion of my profession that ensued I found his knowledge of painting and sculpture to be far beyond that of the majority of men who devote their lives to the practice of these arts. This phase of our talk started with a casual mention of the name of Ribera, and he demanded of me my estimate of that master. In giving it I regretted certain results of the influence of Caravaggio; and, in my condemnation of the powerful but rather unimaginative realism of the latter, it developed that I had attacked a special idol. From here we ranged with fair thoroughness through all the schools of painting, and my wonder increased at his grasp of the subject. In reply to my question as to whether or not he had written on painting, he replied that he had, to some degree, and had also devoted some effort to perfecting an old translation of Vasari.

I deplored the fact that the Anglo-Saxon race has not as yet produced a master to rank with the world's greatest, such as Rembrandt, Velasquez, Titian, Michelangelo, and Durer, and found that my

sitter had a most interesting theory on the subject. England, he said, was originally peopled with pirates and commercial travellers, whose qualities were such that they did not produce great painters. Instead, the kind of imagination that they possessed resulted in a school of poets unexcelled in the world. He has been interested in analysing the effects of different infusions of race on the art of England, and has made the discovery that the East Coast produces naturalistic painters, while from the West Coast come the traditional ones, of classical and academic tendency. This, he says, is a matter of race entirely. The south-east portion, nearest Flanders, has produced the best, probably benefiting by blood infusions from that prolific and excellent source.

Reynolds, from the west, erudite and able, studied the past and drew strongly upon tradition. Gainsborough, from the east, went to nature as his source, with results that were original and interpretative. Turner combined virtues of both tendencies, his mother being from the east, and his father from the west. Burne-Jones could not possibly have belonged to the east coast; it could not have produced him. The two best painters of England to-day are really not English: Brangwyn has a blend of Welsh and Belgian blood; while John is Welsh. These interesting conclusions, the result of careful observation and research, he has elaborated in some of his own writings; this brief mention of

them should be sufficient to attract one to the fuller exposition that he has produced.

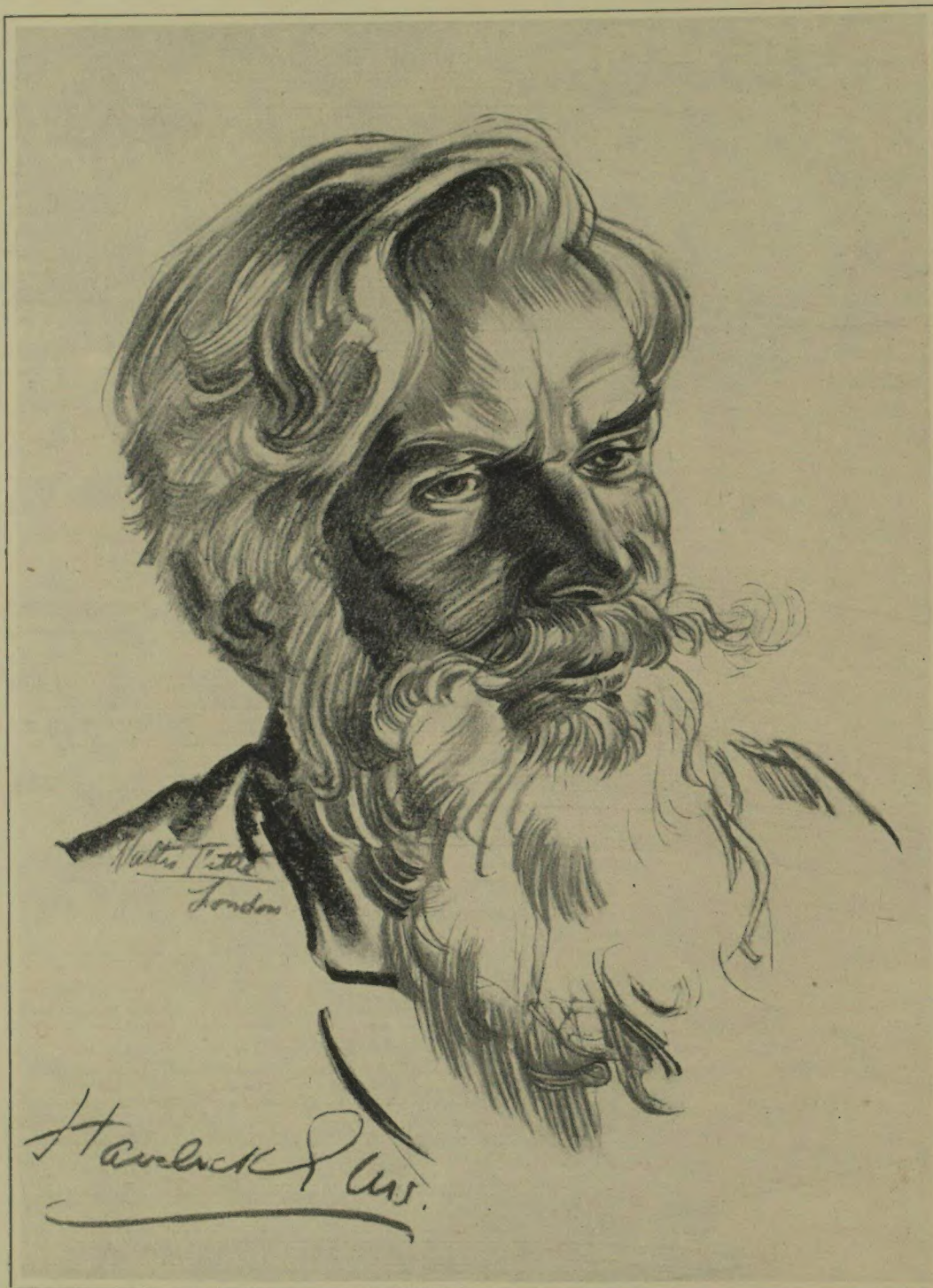
Succeeding finally in turning our talk into more personal channels, I discovered that we shared in common several American friends. Mr. Ellis has never been to America, though his name has long been known there much more widely than in England, he said. He has been invited there to lecture, but that field of activity has no attraction for him, and he refused. Even a holiday visit would be difficult, he thinks, as he has so many friends there that a quiet sojourn would be impossible.

"I am really glad that I am less known here than there," he said. "I greatly prefer to be at a comfortable distance from what fame I possess. My wife had a successful lecture tour in America ten years ago; but the strain of it, I fear, was too much for her. She died in the year following; I have often thought that the stimulating climate there was bad for her. It is likely to be dangerous for English people who are used to this heavier atmosphere."

We talked a bit about the writings of Ellen Key, and from this, as I had hoped, came a few remarks outlining briefly his attitude on sex relations, interesting particularly as final conclusions after his years of thought and writing on the psychology of sex. Marriage, he said, is a necessity, and must always exist in some form. He is of those who believe that there should be two kinds of marriage recognised by society—one, such as exists to-day, for purposes of family life; and a lighter bond that would make possible the union of couples who cannot bear

the prohibitive economic burden that the present time imposes. Increasing living costs make larger yearly the group of people who cannot face the financial responsibility of children; but this should not deprive them of love. Under existing laws, written and unwritten, many unions have to be concealed. These should be recognised, he believes, and the legal bond imposed should be light in accordance with the weaker financial position of the participants. Recognition would remove from secret unions the sense of guilt that usually exists, and pairs who will not fly in the face of law as it now stands would not need to suffer from sex starvation. The development of the purely personal element in modern love—a thing apparently unknown to the ancients—is the greatest step towards the elimination of indiscriminate relations. Mr. Havelock Ellis also expressed the opinion that the freer standards adopted by modern women are really moral in their effects.

My sketch completed, we inspected a number of prints and pictures that attested further to Mr. Ellis's devotion to arts other than his own, and I was made the glad possessor of an autographed copy of his "Sonnets and Folk Songs," sumptuously issued in a limited edition. A belated luncheon at a neighbouring restaurant followed, after which my interesting companion put me on the bus that carried me to my club.



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A WELL-KNOWN WRITER: MR. HENRY HAVELOCK ELLIS, L.S.A., CRITIC, PHILOSOPHER, AND AUTHORITY ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX.

FROM THE CONQUEROR TO THE CRIMEA. MILITARY HISTORY IN THE WEMBLEY TATTOO.



Norman Knights.



English bowmen at Agincourt.



Elizabethan soldiers.



Cavaliers and Roundheads.



Men of Marlborough's armies.



Soldiers of George III (1790).



British soldiers of the Peninsula and Waterloo period.



British soldiers at the time of the Crimean War.

MODERN "SOLDIERS OF THE KING" IN UNIFORMS OF THE PAST: BRITISH FIGHTING MEN OF EIGHT HISTORIC PERIODS REPRESENTED IN THE FINALE OF THE TORCHLIGHT AND SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO AT WEMBLEY.

The great Torchlight and Searchlight Tattoo given at Wembley has proved a tremendous success. In the Grand Finale, appropriately entitled "Soldiers of the King," there is a series of picturesque episodes reproducing a number of historical scenes in which the forces of the Crown have taken part, at various periods of our history. The above photographs show eight of these groups, each wearing the accoutrements and uniform of the time, the accurate repro-

duction of which was the result of careful research. The periods represented are indicated on our illustrations, which, taken together, form an interesting outline of the development of dress, weapons, and equipment in the British Army. During the scene in which they appear at Wembley, the warriors of the past dip their colours to the khaki-clad warriors of the present, to the inspiring strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY.]



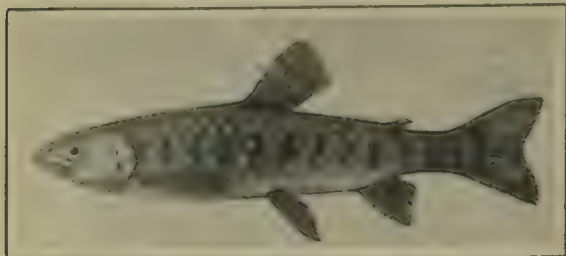
THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



DARWINISM AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE fire of enthusiasm is always smouldering at the meetings of the British Association, and at times it breaks forth into very unmistakable flames. This was the case at the Southampton



ILLUSTRATING THE PART PLAYED BY COMMUNITIES IN FORMING SPECIES: THE LONSDALE CHAR, FROM HAWESWATER, SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF SPOTS.

meeting last week, on the occasion of the address of the President of the Zoological Section—Mr. C. Tate Regan. Before the appointed hour the room was full, and many were turned away disappointed. It was known that he was going to give us his views of Darwinism, expressed, so to speak, in terms of fishes, a group on which he is acknowledged to be the leading authority; and it would have been difficult to find a group better suited to this purpose.

We are all of us familiar enough with the term "origin of species," but precisely what is meant by a "species" is by no means easy to define in terms that can readily be grasped by the layman. Mr. Regan defines a "species" as a number of a congeries of individuals all sharing the same peculiarities of size, shape, and colour, and found in a like combination in no other group of individuals. We all of us know, for example, a herring or a salmon, a sparrow or a thrush, when we see one. No one, however, doubts the existence of species; the great source of controversy has always been the *origin* of species. A vast hoard of facts has been collected since Darwin wrote his famous "Origin," so that we are now in possession of the very information which he strove to find, but with only partial success. As Mr. Regan pointed out, Heincke has shown that the herring in the North Sea are divisible into several more or less well-defined communities, or "groups," each with certain structural peculiarities of its own, as well as its own time and place of breeding. These are "incipient" species. The structural differences and peculiarities as to breeding of any given group are shared by every individual within that group. But in no group are they sufficiently marked to cause any masking of their general likeness to what we label a "herring." These "communities" form two main classes: herring of the open sea, spawning in summer or autumn in rather deep water of high salinity; and coastal herring, spawning in winter or spring near the coast, often in brackish bays; or even in estuaries. The herrings of the Baltic are

coastal herrings, but those of Iceland and Norway form a third class—to wit, herrings of the open sea, spawning in spring. The coastal North Sea herrings were probably derived from those of the open sea, changing their habits, but keeping to their original spawning season; whereas in Icelandic and Norwegian fish the spawning season has apparently been postponed, or inhibited, until roused by the influx of the oceanic water.

The British char, again, he remarked, showed the part played by communities in the formation of species. These fish are nearly related and very like in appearance to trout, but having orange or scarlet spots in place of black, or the under-parts may be entirely scarlet. They inhabited the Arctic Ocean, but ascended the rivers to breed in the autumn, and in many cases, as in our native species, have formed permanent colonies in lakes. Scandinavia, Switzerland, Scotland, the Lake District, and Ireland, all possess such lake-dwelling species. Such colonies must date back to Glacial times, when these Arctic species ascended the rivers to breed, entered the lakes, and settled down there. These lake-dwellers show considerable diversity, not only in habits, but structurally. The char, as he pointed out, of Lough Melvin, Ireland, are quite unlike those of Loch Killin, Inverness, in form and coloration, in the shape of the mouth, and in the size of the scales. And these differences are sufficient, in the opinion of most systematists, to justify their separation into distinct species.

Never was a President of "Section D" more attentively followed, and the interest of his audience was plainly intensified when he began to discuss the factors which he believed had brought about these differences. They were due, in short, to external environmental conditions on the one hand, and the responsiveness to stimuli on the part of the tissues



SHOWING THE FEMALE (RIGHT), IN WHICH THE WINGS HAVE DISAPPEARED THROUGH DISUSE, AS SHE ATTRACTS THE MALES BY SMELL AND NEED NOT FLY TO THEM: THE WINTER MOTH.

of the fish on the other. Each lake presented different conditions of life, in response to habits, and the char have changed accordingly. Thus the Loch Rannoch char, which lives in a deep lake, have conspicuously large eyes. In other lakes, where the fish always feed at the bottom, then the snout is rounded and blunt, and the mouth sub-terminal. In some of the lake chars, the scales are more numerous and smaller than in others from lakes apparently precisely similar. There is in such cases no tangible reason for such difference in this matter of the number of the scales. The key to the riddle has yet to be found. A long and exhaustive study of fishes, both shallow and deep water, freshwater and marine, he told us, had forced him to the conclusion that the first step in the origin of a new species was not change of structure, but the formation of a community, either with new habits or in a new and restricted environment. And there can be no doubt that these play a far more important part than has yet been realised. Living tissues are inherently unstable, and prone to take a line of their own, apart, so far as one can see, from any stimuli from without; and, furthermore, having once started in a new direction of growth, they persist in amplifying this departure, unless—and until—checked by natural selection.

Mr. Regan had some hard things to say of

the "Mendelians," and his comments came at a timely season, for most exaggerated claims have been advanced by this school, who would have us believe, indeed, that "Darwinism is dead"! Yet they have produced no evidence whatever to justify their often aggressively dogmatic attitude. Some of the singular specific differences which Mr. Regan showed were to be found in fishes were, perhaps, he suggested, instances of these congenital, or "germinal," variations, unaffected by the external environment. The plaice of the Baltic, for instance, he showed us, differs from that of the North Sea in having an average of one vertebra less, five rays less in both dorsal and anal fins, and one ray more in the pectoral fins.



AN EXAMPLE OF DIFFERENCES CONSTITUTING DISTINCT SPECIES: GRAY'S CHAR, FROM LOUGH MELVIN, QUITE UNLIKE THOSE OF LOCH KILLIN.

The possession of an extra vertebra, or one or two more fin rays, can hardly affect the results of the "struggle for existence."

Some very extraordinary structural modifications among animals other than fishes afford striking examples of this relationship between structure and habits. The third finger of the Aye-aye of Madagascar, for example, looks like a digit wasted by disease. It is said to be used for picking insects out of crevices. But it could only achieve this in its present form, which could only have come about by *use*, since it could not have been so used until it had completed its transformation into its present form. The male Huia-bird of New Zealand has a short, stout beak, which is said to be used to break up the burrows of a wood-boring beetle larva. When this is done, the female possesses herself of the juicy morsel by thrusting in a peculiarly elongated and curved beak, quite unlike that of the male. The females of certain moths have lost even the vestiges of wings as a result, apparently, of the development of a widely diffusible odour, which brings the males to them, instead of compelling the females to seek them by long flights. These singular and exceptional cases, however, reinforce rather than invalidate "Darwinism," and Mr. Regan has placed us all in his debt for his splendid championship of a theory which some affect to believe has become obsolete. There is not the slightest justification for this belief.



THE EFFECT OF HABITS ON STRUCTURE: THE AYE-AYE OF MADAGASCAR, WITH ONE FINGER REDUCED TO A SKELETON THROUGH PICKING INSECTS FROM CREVICES IN TREE-BARK.



WHERE THE MALE (FOREGROUND) AND THE FEMALE HAVE DEVELOPED DIFFERENT BEAKS THROUGH DIFFERENT USES THEREOF: THE HUIA-BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND.

FIGHTING THE ENGLISH MOSQUITO: THE HAYLING ISLAND INSTITUTE.

BY COURTESY OF MR. JOHN F. MARSHALL, M.A., F.L.S., F.E.S., DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH MOSQUITO CONTROL INSTITUTE, HAYLING ISLAND, HANTS.



INCLUDING SPECIMENS (LIVING AND DEAD) OF VARIOUS SPECIES OF MOSQUITOES IN ALL STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT THE DEMONSTRATION MUSEUM.



OPENED RECENTLY BY SIR RONALD ROSS, K.C.B., F.R.S.: THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BRITISH MOSQUITO CONTROL INSTITUTE, ON HAYLING ISLAND, IN HAMPSHIRE.



THE CHIEF "FOE" IN ENGLISH COASTAL DISTRICTS: THE FEMALE OF THE "SALT-WATER" MOSQUITO (*OGHLEROTATUS DETRITUS*), SHOWING THE DARK SPOTS.



HARMLESS, AS IT DOES NOT BITE: THE MALE OF THE LARGER "DOMESTIC" MOSQUITO (*THEOBALDIA ANNULATA*) RECOGNISED BY ITS FEATHERY ANTENNÆ AND "PALPS."



THE "WAR OFFICE" OF THE SCIENTIFIC CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOSQUITO: THE LABORATORY AT THE HAYLING ISLAND INSTITUTE, SHOWING (IN CENTRE) CAGES AND TANKS USED IN EXPERIMENTS WITH MOSQUITOES AND THEIR LARVÆ.



SHOWING THE PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS DESIGNED BY MR. MARSHALL BY WHICH MANY BRITISH SPECIES HAVE BEEN ILLUSTRATED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE PHOTOMICROGRAPHIC ROOM.

Another death from mosquito bite—that of a lady stung on the lip while travelling from Belfast to Penarth—was recorded on September 5. This and previous fatal cases emphasise the need and importance of the work being done by Mr. John F. Marshall at the British Mosquito Control Institute, recently opened by Sir Ronald Ross, on Hayling Island. "Mosquitoes," writes Mr. Marshall in a booklet on the subject, "are separable into two great divisions or 'tribes,' the Anophelines and the Culicines. In England we have 25 different species, 22 being of the Culicine kind. The most prominent feature of a mosquito is its long beak or proboscis, a sheath containing, in the female, instruments for piercing the skin of human beings

and other animals to suck their blood. The male mosquito is a compulsory vegetarian, and does not seek the society of human beings. . . . It is a great mistake to suppose that English Anopheline mosquitoes—which do not happen to convey malaria—and English Culicine mosquitoes, which cannot do so, are therefore to be regarded as harmless insects. On the contrary, their bites are frequently followed by serious, and even fatal, results. The female of *Ochlerotatus detritus* has a row of dark spots. *Theobaldia annulata*, the largest and most handsome of the British mosquitoes, is recognisable by spotted wings as well as white-banded legs. The bites of *Theobaldia* are often very poisonous."

WEDDING CURIOSITIES: INDIA—CHILD WEDDINGS; A HORSEBACK BRIDE.

BY COURTESY OF "ASIA" (NEW YORK). PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. B. CHRISTIE, H. F. DE PUY, AND EWING GALLOWAY.



1. WHERE "ANCIENT INDIAN CUSTOM ENJOINS EARLY MARRIAGE AS A RELIGIOUS DUTY": A CHILD BRIDEGROOM AT UDAIPUR, RAJPUTANA.



2. ONE OF 2,500,000 WIVES UNDER TEN! A CHILD BRIDE IN INDIA, WHERE THE MARRIAGE AGE FOR GIRLS IS NOW FOURTEEN.



3. WHERE A "HONEYMOON" MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY "MOTHER-IN-LAW" AND RELATIVES: AN INDIAN COUPLE AND THEIR PARTY.

NOTES on these interesting photographs in our American contemporary "Asia" describe them as follows: "1. This festively arrayed child-bridegroom of Udaipur, in conservative Rajputana, upholds the ancient Indian custom enjoining early marriage as a religious duty. In past centuries boys have been subjected to marriage generally between nine and twelve. In the changing custom of to-day, the age is more likely to be sixteen or seventeen. 2. The child-wife—and there are two-and-a-half million wives under ten years of age in India—has long excited the concern of reformers, not only on the grounds of her health and happiness, but on behalf of her children and the better development of the race. Agitation on this subject has brought about the law just enacted by the

Government of India, fixing the marriageable age for girls henceforth at fourteen years. 3. Sometimes the equivalent of a Western honeymoon takes place in India, but the wedding party invariably includes a number of relatives. Here a bridegroom has taken his small veiled bride, with her mother and other members of the family, on a sightseeing tour to Fatehpur Sikri, the deserted city of Akbar, greatest of the Mogul emperors. 4. Usually on the second evening after a Hindu wedding the veiled bride is taken to her husband's home, riding on a gaily caparisoned horse or sitting on a canopied throne, accompanied by singers, hired musicians, torch-bearers, and a long procession of friends and relatives. The cost of a wedding, including the dowry of the bride, ruins countless families."



4. "RIDING ON A GAILY CAPARISONED HORSE ACCOMPANIED BY SINGERS, HIRED MUSICIANS, AND TORCH-BEARERS": A RICH HINDU BRIDE ON THE WAY TO HER HUSBAND'S HOME, WITH HER FACE CONCEALED UNDER A VOLUMINOUS VEIL THROWN OVER HER HEAD.

WEDDING CURIOSITIES: JAPAN—TREE SYMBOLS; SAKÉ PLEDGES.

BY COURTESY OF "ASIA" (NEW YORK). PHOTOGRAPHS BY K. SAKAMOTO AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



1. "ON A SHRINE... STAND THE PINE, BAMBOO, AND PLUM—SYMBOLS OF LONG LIFE, PLIABILITY, AND PURITY—WITH OTHER EMBLEMS OF GOOD LUCK AND OFFERINGS TO ANCESTORS": A MODERN JAPANESE WEDDING CEREMONY IN SHINTOISTIC FORM.

JAPANESE weddings, picturesque in the matter of costume and setting, are marked by the artistic taste characteristic of the country. "The wedding ceremony proper," says a note on our illustration No. 1, "consists chiefly of drinking from a cup offered to the bride and afterwards to the bridegroom. This is a symbol of equally sharing the joys and sorrows of life. The photograph shows the beginning of the ceremony. The bride, in white, meets the bridegroom in his house, and both are now waiting for wine-pourers, who are generally two handmaids." Further notes on all four subjects, from "Asia" (our New York contemporary) are as follows: "1. The modern Japanese wedding ceremony is thoroughly Shintoistic in form. On a shrine in a large hall, such as the one above, stand the pine, bamboo, and plum—symbols of long life, pliability, and purity—together with other emblems of

(Continued opposite.)



2. WEARING MOURNING AS A WEDDING DRESS: A JAPANESE BRIDE IN WHITE (THE MOURNING COLOUR IN JAPAN; AND A KAIZOE (LADY GO-BETWEEN.)

Continued.] good luck and offerings to ancestors. Before it the bride comes to meet the bridegroom, after the marriage has been arranged by go-betweens in the conventional manner. 2. The Japanese bride dresses in white, the colour of mourning, to indicate that she is leaving her parental home for ever. With the help of the 'kaizoe,' or lady go-between, she arranges her hair in the married style, and heavily powders her face. She wears a high head-dress, but is not veiled. During the wedding banquet she changes into gay garments. 3. A more conservative Japanese wedding is represented in the lower picture. Bride and bridegroom, each seated at a little whitewood table, take the sacred, silent pledge by sipping 'saké' three times from each of three wine-cups. This rite bears the name of 'san-san kudo,' or three-three—nine times. Saké, or rice liquor, symbolises the gift of ancestors."



3. "BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, EACH SEATED AT A LITTLE WHITEWOOD TABLE, TAKE THE SACRED, SILENT PLEDGE BY SIPPING SAKÉ THREE TIMES FROM EACH OF THREE WINE-CUPS": A MORE CONSERVATIVE JAPANESE WEDDING—A RITE KNOWN AS SAN-SAN KUDO (THREE-THREE, NINE TIMES).

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"WHAT's in a name?" asked Juliet, and gave the answer with which we are all familiar. While admitting her argument as regards the fragrance of the rose, I suspect that, for literary purposes, even that flower owes something to the charm of its musical monosyllable. With personal appellations the case is more complex: there is the name itself—such as Brown or Tompkins, and the "name" (or "position") which Brown or Tompkins has acquired, for instance, the "big name" sought to head a prospectus or a newspaper article.

In both senses the name must help the appeal of such a book as "MEMOIRS," by Sir Almeric Fitzroy. (Two Volumes, Illustrated. Hutchinson; 42s. net.) How different from "Brown" or "Tompkins"! Add to its romantic sound the prestige of his high office, as Clerk to the Privy Council for twenty-five eventful years (1898-1923), under three Sovereigns, and the appeal becomes irresistible. At any rate, I found it so, and its force was not lessened when I began to read, for I soon perceived that the book is not only a profoundly interesting record of personal experiences, in exalted circles "exempt from public haunt," but a valuable storehouse of political facts and portraits for the future historian. The literary portraits are supplemented by many of a pictorial kind, of the author's distinguished contemporaries, and views of several "stately homes of England" with which his life has been associated.

These two bulky tomes run to about 800 pages in all, with an index of names containing quite 1500 entries. To digest them, from cover to cover, I should need a quiet garden, a deck chair, and a week's holiday. Thus equipped, I should consider the time well spent in devouring Sir Almeric's appetising pages, as doubtless many readers will do who have at command those desirable conditions. It is from their point of view that such a work must be judged. Some critics have complained that it is too long, or rather, that life is too short for its perusal, and that it would have been better for drastic pruning; but the harassed reviewer should remember that the limits of his own leisure are not the true criterion for a book's length. A record covering a quarter of a century of important events and personalities can hardly be compressed into a pocket edition.

Other critics have suggested that some passages in the book are indiscreet, and this prompted me—such is human frailty—to go a-fishing for indiscretions, which, if not too "blazing," are sometimes the salt of autobiography; but I am bound to admit that I was disappointed. Having sat up very late over this unrighteous angling, I might almost say that I toiled all night and caught nothing. Candid criticism of politicians and other public people there is in plenty, and some of it none too flattering; but then, politicians are accustomed to give and take candid criticism; it is their *métier*, and they expect it; they would not be happy without it.

Sir Almeric writes generally in an easy, colloquial style, enlivened by many amusing anecdotes, but sometimes, in a description of a ceremony, or a political argument, he is apt to assume the manner of a leading article. Throughout, the work is polished, evidently in view of publication. It is no hastily kept diary of haphazard jottings. In criticising those from whom he differs, he is occasionally inclined to adopt a superior tone; but, though caustic, he is not cynical, and, though mordant, not rabid or venomous. When he praises, and that is often, he praises generously. Among his especial heroes are his old chief, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lords Salisbury, Cromer, Acton, Morley, and Balfour. As for lesser folk of note portrayed in his pages, they are as the sand of the seashore for multitude. His habit of referring to statesmen by their office (e.g., the Prime Minister), instead of by name, is sometimes confusing, and it would have been more convenient to print the year at the head of each page. During the war period the reader is admitted behind the official scenes to many illuminating incidents and discussions. But the great feature of the book is the picture it gives of Court life from within and the human side of Royalty, for Sir Almeric has much that is interesting to tell of Queen Victoria in her last days, of King Edward, and King George.

Here is an example about King Edward, under the date of Oct. 23, 1905. "There is rather a good story, which I am told is absolutely true, of some young woman at Marienbad who was pressed by the King to play bridge excusing herself on the grounds of her ignorance of the game, adding quite innocently, 'I really don't know a King from a Knave.'"

For descriptions of dining-out among the great ones of the earth, and high social functions generally, Sir Almeric's journal rivals the Diary of Tom Moore. If he is less concerned with books and writers, he is interested in other arts, especially music.

The virtue of a name belongs likewise to the author of "COURTS AND COUNTRIES AFTER THE WAR," by H.R.H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain (Hutchinson; 21s. net). She is an aunt of King Alfonso, and sister of Princess Ludiviez Ferdinand of Bavaria. The first chapter describes her experiences during the war. "I am proud to say," she writes, "that I remained in Paris through all the fateful days. . . . After the war I was told that one of my nephews had been entrusted with Big Bertha, and that, greatly troubled in his mind, he had written to his mother, saying: 'Whenever we fire, I'm terrified lest Aunt Eulalia should be hit.' Certainly, I had one or two narrow escapes."

The succeeding chapters are devoted respectively to Spain and her King; England and the English; America; Germany; Belgium, Switzerland, and Austria; Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia; ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria; Rumania, Greece, and "the Unseen Force of Europe" (Freemasonry, according to the author); and Italy; while the closing chapter deals with post-war



A STAUNCH OPPONENT OF THE UNAUTHORISED MINORITY STRIKE AMONG SEAMEN, AND UPHOLDER OF THE AGREEMENT WITH THE SHIP-OWNERS: MR. J. HAVELOCK WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE SAILORS' AND FIREMEN'S UNION.

Mr. Havelock Wilson, who at the moment of writing is in Quebec, is General President of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union. He has strongly opposed what his committee describes as "this unofficial strike fostered and fomented for political purposes only by the Minority Movement, the Communist Party, and the Industrial Workers of the World," and has upheld the agreement of July 3 with the shipowners, regarding reduction of wages. Mr. Havelock Wilson has been Labour M.P. for South Shields and for Middlesbrough.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

morality, the menace of degeneracy, and present-day conditions.

Naturally, she knows Spain best, and her description of her nephew the King—"a figure of chivalry"—and his English Queen, is extremely interesting. Most dramatic is the account of his visit to the outcast region of Las Urdes, and his Quixotic action in shaking hands with a leper—an ordeal that caused him haunting dread that he might have contracted the disease.

On English life, and especially on the younger generation of English women, the author passes certain strictures, but of our Royal Family she has nothing but good to say. "Queen Mary remains the best embodiment of a queen, a mother, and a woman, and the King is still the same charming and unaffected individual I have known for so many years."

In her chapters on other countries the most surprising thing, to British readers, will be her heartfelt eulogy of ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria as "the super-man of Europe," who is "occult in the highest degree." She also takes up the cudgels on behalf of the German ex-Crown Prince.

It is a vivid book, an arresting book, but some of it, notably the last chapter, gives the impression of being slightly hectic, and not altogether free from sensationalism.

Names—their sound and significance—are much considered in Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel, "ONE INCREASING PURPOSE" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net). There is, for instance, B. C. D. Ash, "the super-famous novelist man," a character that suggests a partly farcical self-portrait, representing the sorrows of the author of a "best-seller," living a hunted life in constant fear of the Press photographer and of "the Bodyguard of English Literature," the eminent critics who turned and rent him for his obscure style, his bad grammar, and his outrageous popularity. (Let me hasten to assure Mr. Hutchinson that I am no Bodyguardsman!) "It was partly because his surname was so insignificantly short, partly because his initials were so impressively long, and partly because, almost alone among authors, his Christian name was neither stated upon his books nor familiar in the mouths of the public, that he was always known by his Christian initials, 'B. C. D.'" He was always in hiding, or taking one from the intellectuals!

Then there is the touching episode of Mr. Pendency, the multiple-shop-keeper, who added the prefix "stu," and founded Stupendity's, the super-emporium near Portman Square. Mr. Stupendity knew the magic of a name. So the furniture designed by Sim Paris, the hero, was christened "Simparis" Furniture. Sim himself was very susceptible to the charm of names, as those of his Somerset cottage, "Old Ballards," and its aged and blind occupant, "My Yeoman."

Sim is an ex-officer obsessed with wonder as to why he had come unscathed through the whole war; and, through communings in spirit with his dead mother, it is borne in upon him that he has been preserved for some particular purpose. The story unfolds the gradual revelation of this purpose, beginning with the idea that "God is after him," as befell the quarry of "The Hound of Heaven." Ultimately, Sim arrives at a new conception of the Christian religion, especially in its bearing on the relations between employer and employed. Sim's own pathetic love story, and the family trials of his two married brothers, with many auxiliary people, are involved in the plot. Sim himself is a typical "A.S.M." character, gay and conscientious, with that tolerant faculty of seeing both sides of a question which brought so much trouble on the hero of "If Winter Comes."

The new book is a deeply sincere study in social ethics, and rich in characterisation. As a story it may not perhaps prove another "best seller," partly because the plot takes rather a long time to "get going," and partly because "finding religion" does not appear to be a popular theme. Still, we shall see.

Several other attractive new books deserve fuller treatment than my space allows. "A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BUILDING CRAFTS," by Martin S. Briggs, F.R.I.B.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press; 8s. 6d. net), is a scholarly, historical work on various trades ancillary to architecture, with a wide range in place and time, and copiously illustrated by drawings and diagrams. As a classical man (rather rusty now) I am glad to note a growing popular interest in Greek and Latin literature, evidenced by such a volume as "THE WRITERS OF GREECE AND ROME," by Gilbert Norwood and J. Wight Duff (Oxford University Press). "PEOPLE OF THE STEPPES," by Ralph Fox (Constable, 8s. 6d. net), relates the experiences of the author (an Oxford man) on a Relief Mission in South Eastern Russia in 1922-3, when he made adventurous journeys into Turkestan to buy horses for the mission, and eventually found his way to Moscow.

"THE LORD OF CREATION," by the late T. W. H. Crosland (Stanley Paul; 5s. net), belongs to a new uniform edition of that pugnacious writer's work, including also "THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT" and "THE EGREGIOUS ENGLISH." Crosland was no mean poet, and I possess a little paper-covered edition of his early verse, "The Finer Spirit," inscribed in his hand—a souvenir of a week's association, some twenty-five years ago, in the office of the *Outlook*. In those days I was hard up, and I have a grateful recollection of a dinner he stood me one evening that we met by chance, and also of a commission from him to write some lines on a rose from Omar's grave. I never met Crosland again. C. E. B.

WEDDING CURIOSITIES: MARRIAGE RITES IN JAVA, CELEBES, AND BORNEO.

By COURTESY OF "ASIA" (New York). PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERTRUDE EMERSON, E. ROSENLUND, AND EWING GALLOWAY.



1. WITH THE MARK OF WIFEHOOD ON HER FOREHEAD AND HAIR SHAVED IN POINTS AND OUTLINED AGAINST HER FACE IN GOLD-LEAF: A ROYAL JAVANESE BRIDE (ON THE RIGHT); WITH THE BRIDEGROOM IN A HEAD-DRESS OF GLAZED WHITE SILK HUNG WITH FLOWERS.



2. ATTIRED IN THEIR GAYEST SILKS AND FINERY: A MOHAMMEDAN BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM IN THE ISLAND OF CELEBES, WHERE, AT THE NUPITAL BANQUET, BOTH EAT OUT OF THE SAME BOWL.



3. A CHILD WEDDING AMONG THE SEA-GYPSIES OF NORTH BORNEO: A BAJAU BOY AND HIS BRIDE CLASPING HANDS BEFORE THE VILLAGE CHIEF, WHOSE SANCTION TO THE MARRIAGE IS REQUIRED.

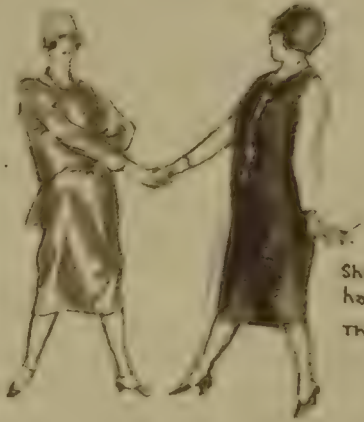
Describing these picturesque photographs, the American magazine "Asia" says: "1. A royal Javanese bride of one of the mid-Java sultanates intensifies the golden colour of her skin with saffron. Her hair is shaved in points and outlined against her face with gold-leaf, and the mark of wifehood is placed on her forehead. The groom also rubs his body with saffron and wears, in addition to his batik 'sarong,' a head-dress of glazed white silk, with pendent flower-garlands. Although the Javanese are nominally Mohammedan, Court life retains traces of early Hindu culture. 2. In Celebes the Mohammedan bride and bridegroom wear

their gayest silks. After the groom has won the consent of the head Rajah to the match, and presented gifts to the bride's father, vows are exchanged, and the bride and groom, at supper, eat out of a common bowl. 3. This Bajau boy, of the Sea-Gypsies of North Borneo, meekly receives the village chief's approval of the match made by his parents, and those of his bride. Bajau girls pay small heed to coiffure and dress, but have the high status accorded women by a loosely Islamic group with matriarchal traditions. They go unveiled, dance with men, and put up comfortably with those pleasant rogues, their husbands."

"DEPORTMENT" REVIVAL: MANNERS FOR THE MODERN GIRL

By COURTESY OF MISS BELLE HARDING. Drawings by OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

SITTING—
The Right
Way.



Shaking
hands—
The WRONG
Way

SITTING—
The WRONG Way



Picking up a
Handkerchief



The Right Way

Shaking
hands.



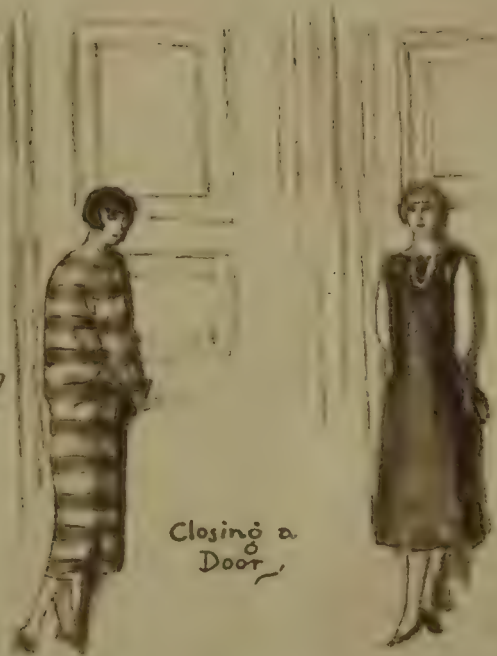
The Right
Way

PICKING UP A HANDKERCHIEF,
The WRONG way.



Bowing To a
friend,
The Right way

The
Wrong
Way



Closing a
Door

The
Right
way



Bowing To a friend,
The Wrong way.

"MANNERS FOR WOMEN" IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A RETURN TO VICTORIAN GRACES.

The modern girl, with her free-and-easy ways, has been apt to neglect the art of elegance in movement and attitude, and efforts are being made to counteract this fault by a return to the old Victorian graces. In response to requests from mothers, Miss Belle Harding, the well-known teacher of dancing, has revived her classes in social deportment, at the Merrick Rooms, Kensington Palace Mansions. The first class was given, the other day, to a number of dancing teachers from the provinces, with a view to extending a revival of good manners throughout

the country. Among the lessons taught are the actions of picking up a handkerchief, sitting down or rising from a chair, and closing a door. A young girl in shaking hands with an older woman is instructed to give herself an appearance of shortness and to make a lower bow. In bowing to the right, when crossing a room, she is taught to do so with her weight on the right foot, and, vice-versa, on the left foot when bowing to the left. The advantages of uprightness are also emphasised.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

LONDON, RAIN, AND "THE HOARY THAMES": A WONDERFUL AIR VIEW.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN ALFRED G. BUCKHAM, F.R.P.S., TO BE SHOWN IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



"LONDON": A REMARKABLE AIR-PHOTOGRAPH—SUNLIGHT BREAKING THROUGH RAIN-CLOUDS; AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.

Captain Buckham's wonderful photograph of London from the air is to be seen in the Royal Photographic Society's seventieth annual Exhibition, which will be held at 35, Russell Square, from September 12 to October 24. It brings out, more than any ground view, the stately curves of "the hoary Thames" as it wanders along its "silver-winding way" to the distant sea. Spanning the river (from foreground to background) are Hungerford (railway) Bridge, Waterloo Bridge (before the reconstruction), Blackfriars Bridge, the railway bridge to St. Paul's

Station, Southwark Bridge, Cannon Street (railway) bridge, London Bridge, and the Tower Bridge. Westminster Bridge is just out of the picture on the extreme right, where the County Hall is seen on the far (Surrey) side, with Waterloo Station beyond. On the near side of the river (working back from the foreground) may be seen Whitehall Court (just to right of Hungerford Bridge), Charing Cross Station, Cleopatra's Needle, the Strand, with the Hotel Cecil, Savoy Hotel, and Somerset House, and St. Paul's, towering dimly to the left of Blackfriars Bridge.

A "DIAMOND RUSH" LIKE A CROSS-COUNTRY RACE: A

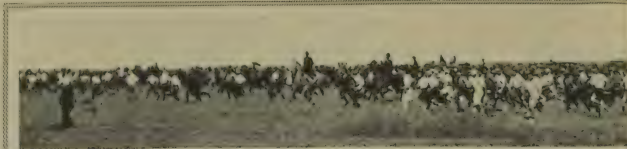
PHOTOGRAPHS BY

CHAMPION RUNNER REPRESENTS A DISABLED SOLDIER.

SPORT AND GENERAL.



WITH THE UNION JACK WHICH HE LOWERED FOR THE RUSH TO BEGIN: THE STARTER IN THE GREAT RACE FOR DIAMOND CLAIMS.



LIKE THE START OF A GREAT CROSS-COUNTRY RACE, BUT WITH DIAMOND CLAIMS FOR AT OERERSONKRAAL, SOUTH AFRICA.



LURED BY THE PROSPECT OF DIAMONDS: SOME OF THE MANY HUNDREDS OF DIGGERS ARRIVED AT OERERSONKRAAL.



ALL WITH THEIR PEGS (LIKE THAT CARRIED BY THE MAN IN RIGHT FOREGROUND) TO STAKE OUT AT OERERSONKRAAL, ACCOMPANIED



THE "PRIZES": A THOUSAND RUNNERS, SHEPHERDED BY MOUNTED POLICE, TAKING PART IN THE ORGANISED "RUSH" TO THE NEW DIGGINGS TO STAKE OUT THEIR CLAIMS.



IN ALL SORTS OF VEHICLES; WITH A CINEMA THEATRE ("GRAND BIOSCOPE") IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND.



CLAIMS: A NEARER VIEW OF PART OF THE GREAT RUSH TO THE ALLUVIAL DIAMOND FIELD BY A MOUNTED POLICEMAN.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN LONG-DISTANCE CHAMPION WHO RAN FOR A ONE-LEGGED EX-SOLDIER AND SECURED HIM A GOOD CLAIM: LEN RICHARDSON, HOLDING HIS "PEG."

The recent discovery of a new alluvial diamond field in South Africa, at Tomlinson's Farm, Oerersonkraal, near Bloemhof, some ninety-five miles from Kimberley, caused a great trek to the spot, to which people flocked in their hundreds, in all sorts of vehicles—motor-cars, carts, motor-cycles, and "push-bikes." A remarkable scene occurred on the morning of August 12, when a thousand runners lined up, as at the start of a big cross-country race, to await the lowering of a Union Jack as the signal for an organised "diamond rush" to peg out claims on the coveted soil. A number of mounted police accompanied them to see fair play. Each runner carried his pegs (small square blocks with long spikes to thrust into the ground) for the purpose of staking out his claim. The occasion was notable for a particularly pleasant incident. An ex-soldier named Bill Marshall, who had lost a leg in the campaign in German South-West

Africa, had studied the ground and chosen what he thought the most likely claim, but when he saw the runners assemble for the race his hopes were dashed. The chairman of the Diggers' Association thereupon asked Len Richardson, the South African long-distance champion and photographer for the Johannesburg "Star," to run and peg a claim for the disabled man. Richardson, who is himself an ex-Service man, slipped into running "togs," soon led the field, and, having won the race by about 150 yards, secured for Marshall one of the best claims on the famous Bamboo Spruit. All the diggers were delighted at the result. It is stated that 3000 claims are already being worked, and that several diamonds have been found ranging in value from £300 to £700. Many diamond-buyers have arrived at Bloemhof and made important purchases.

NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: HENRY VIII'S KITCHENS, HAMPTON COURT.

By COURTESY OF MR. ERNEST LAW, C.B. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHAPLIN JONES.



"THE LARGEST . . . MEDIÆVAL KITCHEN IN ENGLAND": TWO OF THE THREE "IMMENSE STONE ARCHED FIRE-PLACES" IN HENRY THE EIGHTH'S "GREATE KECHYN"



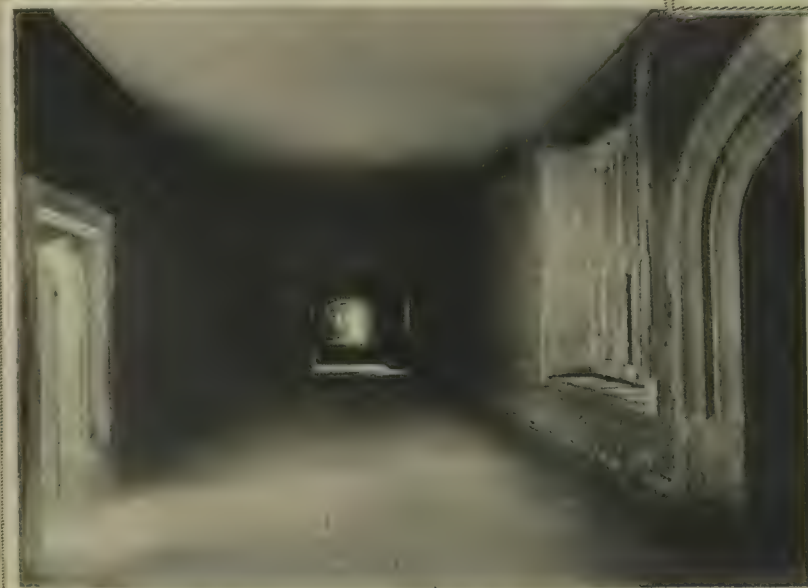
DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS IN "A GREAT MEDIÆVAL PALACE UNPARALLELED IN ENGLAND AND SCARCELY RIVALLED ANYWHERE IN EUROPE": BY THE HALL-KITCHEN STAIRS.



LEADING TO PARTS OF THE PALACE TO BE OPENED UP NEXT YEAR: DOORWAYS TO "THE DRYNKYNGE HOWSE" AND THE "KYNGES WYNE CELLAR," AT HAMPTON COURT.



SHOWING THE THIRD FIREPLACE, WITH COOKING UTENSILS, AND TABLES COVERED WITH FRAGMENTS OF CARVINGS OF VARIOUS PERIODS: A CORNER IN HENRY THE EIGHTH'S KITCHEN AT HAMPTON COURT.



CONTAINING DOORWAYS LEADING INTO HENRY THE EIGHTH'S "WYNE CELLAR" AND TO AN OLD STAIRWAY THAT HAS BEEN BLOCKED UP FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS: THE TUDOR CLOISTERS.



WITH A MODERN DOORWAY INSERTED BETWEEN THE TWO KITCHEN HATCHES, AND ANOTHER BENEATH THE ORIGINAL WINDOW OF SEVEN LIGHTS: THE SERVING PLACE.

King Henry the Eighth's great kitchen at Hampton Court has recently been opened to the public, and adds greatly to the historical interest of the Palace. In an illustrated booklet on the subject (published by Messrs. Hugh Rees, Ltd., 5, Regent Street), Mr. Ernest Law writes: "It is no secret that early next year King Henry's wonderful 'Newe Wyne Cellar,' underneath his Great Watching Chamber . . . will be cleared of its modern dividing walls, and be opened to public inspection. . . . These vast kitchens and cellars, with their various appurtenant offices, were built by King Henry, mainly in 1531 and 1532, not only for the essential needs of the royal households, but especially with a view of keeping

up the good old English custom of the whole of the inhabitants in a great establishment, and of all who, whatever their business might chance to be, were staying in a great house, dining together in hall. Any departure from this custom was regarded with the greatest disfavour by bluff old King Hal. . . . Again, let us stand in this old Tudor cloister, and imagine that we are in the time of James I., and that the performance of a play in the Great Hall, before the Court by the 'King's Company of Players'—Grooms of the Chamber to His Majesty—is just over. . . . In the crowd, none appear more conspicuous than the players. . . . Shakespeare, for instance, attired in his Court suit of scarlet cloth."

WHERE HENRY VIII'S KITCHEN MAY BE SEEN: HAMPTON COURT.

FROM THE ETCHING BY SIDNEY TUSHINGHAM, A.R.E., SHOWN IN THE 1925 EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART, AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES.



S. Tushingham.

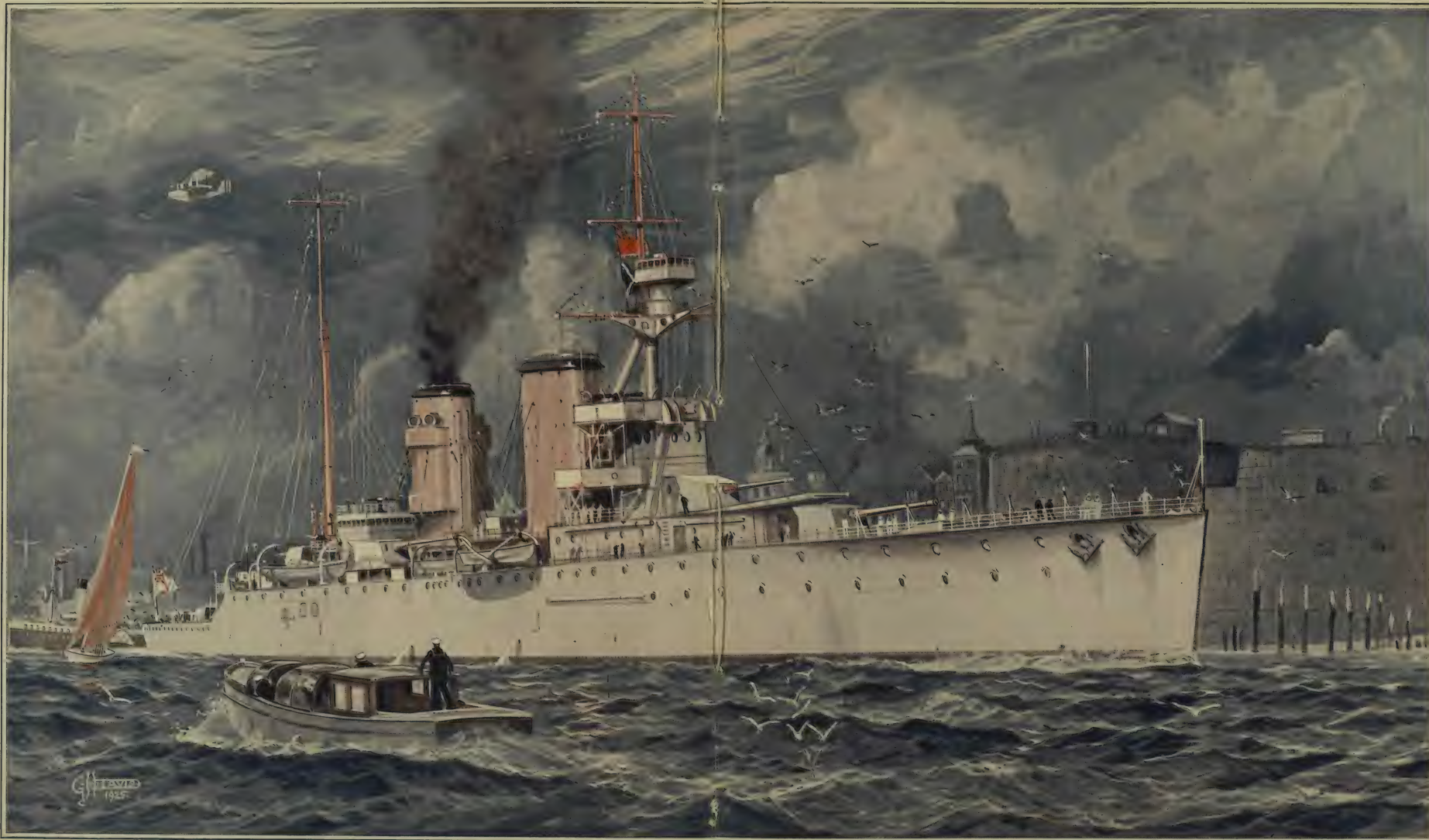
"THE GATEWAY, HAMPTON COURT": A BEAUTIFUL DRY-POINT ETCHING BY SIDNEY TUSHINGHAM, A.R.E.

The stately entrance to Hampton Court, one of the chief goals of pilgrimage in summer both for Londoners and visitors, makes a fine subject for the etcher, and it has been finely treated by Mr. Tushingham in his beautiful dry-point here reproduced. The historical interest of

Hampton Court has lately been increased by the opening to the public of Henry the Eighth's kitchen. In it was prepared the great banquet at which he acknowledged as his Queen the unhappy Catherine Howard, afterwards executed.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A VARIANT FROM THE NAVY'S FAMILIAR GRAY: A NEW BRITISH CRUISER PAINTED WHITE FOR TROPICAL SERVICE.

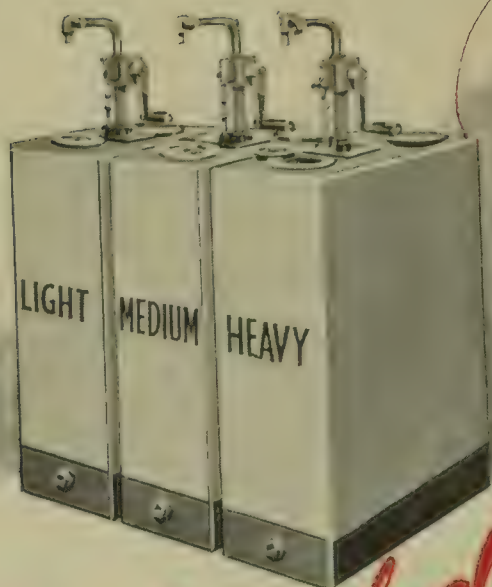
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH, G. H. DAVIS.



WHITE FOR TROPICAL WATERS: H.M.S. "EFFINGHAM," OUR LATEST CRUISER, LEAVING PORTSMOUTH DURING TRIALS BEFORE HER DEPARTURE TO THE EAST INDIES.

Visitors to Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight have lately seen in those waters a big cruiser gay with colours unfamiliar to eyes that have grown accustomed to the gray of the British Navy. Many thought this vessel to be a visitor from a foreign Navy, but the "mystery" ship was, in reality, one of our latest completed cruisers, H.M.S. "Effingham," a ship of the "Hawkins" class, undergoing trials before her recent departure to the East Indies. She is painted in the colours of cruisers serving in tropical waters, with funnels yellow, hull and upper works white, and masts a light brown. These so-called "Light" cruisers are very large vessels; the "Effingham" is actually longer than the old battle-cruiser "Australia," and seven feet longer than battle-ships of the "King George V." type. Though they were laid down in 1916-17, the construction of these new cruisers was never pressed, and therefore they have been many

years building. The "Effingham," which was built at Portsmouth, has a displacement of 10,000 tons, and her turbines of 70,000 horse-power give her a speed of over thirty knots. These cruisers are really cruising ships: their occupation is to go "raider"-hunting, so they have been given oil-fuel bunkers, which allow them a very wide range of action, and the "Effingham's" guns are so placed that she can fight and run in a sea-way. Though but recently completed, the "Effingham" is of a class not likely to be followed, and the new ships, over which so much controversy is raging, will be of an entirely different type, though of about the same displacement. Her two sisters are the "Hawkins" and "Frobisher." All these ships are distinguishable by the long forecastele and immense funnels, though the symmetry of the second funnel has been spoiled by mounting on either side of it large searchlight towers.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



Unbranded Oil

Yours to Choose

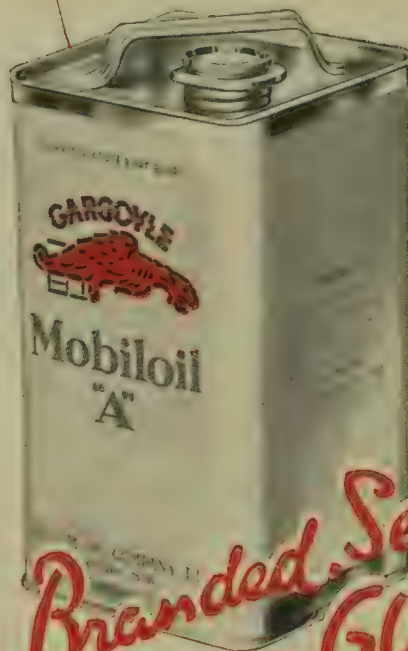
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Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide



*Branded, Sealed, and
Contents GUARANTEED*

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Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a quart of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car or motor cycle in the Chart of Recommendations.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., KEYSTONE, C.N., CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, BARRATT, AND CLAUDE HARRIS. THAT OF MR. ROY ANDREWS BY COURTESY OF "ASIA" (NEW YORK).



CHAIRMAN OF THE COAL COMMISSION: SIR HERBERT SAMUEL.



A MEMBER OF THE COAL COMMISSION: SIR W. H. BEVERIDGE.



A MEMBER OF THE COAL COMMISSION: GEN. SIR H. A. LAWRENCE.



A MEMBER OF THE COAL COMMISSION: MR. KENNETH LEE.



KILLED IN CLIMBING SNOWDON: MR. S. B. VAN NOORDEN.



KILLED IN THE "SHENANDOAH": COMMANDER ZACHARY LANSDOWNE, U.S.N.



WITH THE WIGHTMAN CUP, WON IN AMERICA: THE BRITISH WOMEN'S LAWN-TENNIS TEAM—(L. TO R.) MISS MCKANE, MISS EVELYN COLYER, MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS, MISS E. H. HARVEY, AND MISS JOAN FRY—ARRIVED BACK IN LONDON.



A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN: THE LATE MR. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT.



THE PRESIDENT OF CHILE, WHO WELCOMED THE PRINCE: DON ARTURO ALESSANDRI.



EX-PREMIER OF FRANCE: THE LATE M. RENÉ VIVIANI.



THE DINOSAUR-EGG-DISCOVERER COMPELLED TO QUIT MONGOLIA: MR. ROY C. ANDREWS.



PRESIDENT OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS AT SCARBOROUGH: MR. A. B. SWALES, WITH HIS WIFE.



A GREAT LOSS TO THE LONDON STAGE: THE LATE MR. HOLMAN CLARK.

Sir Herbert Samuel recently returned from Palestine, where he had been High Commissioner since 1920.—Sir W. H. Beveridge is Director of the London School of Economics.—Sir Herbert Lawrence is an expert in foreign banking.—Mr. Kenneth Lee is prominent in the cotton trade.—Mr. Stanley B. Van Noorden was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Van Noorden, of Hampstead.—Commander Zachary Lansdowne, of the U.S. Navy, was in command of the airship "Shenandoah," and was killed in the disaster, with three other officers.—Mr. Reginald Claypoole Vanderbilt was a son of Cornelius Vanderbilt the second.—Don Arturo Alessandri, the President of Chile, welcomed the Prince of Wales at

Santiago on September 6, and the Prince paid him a State visit at the Palace.—M. Viviani, the famous French statesman, was Premier of France, as well as Foreign Minister, in 1914, and received the German declaration of war.—Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews led the joint Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History and "Asia" Magazine. The Expedition is said to have been expelled by the Mongolian Government under Bolshevik influence.—The Trades Union Congress began at Scarborough on September 7.—Mr. Holman Clark, the well-known actor and producer, was a great favourite on the London stage and much beloved in the profession.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL RECORD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARRY (SOUTH SHIELDS), L.N.A., SPORT AND GENERAL, KEYSTONE, C.N., MANUEL, LENARE, AND



THE LAUNCH OF THE BRITISH NAVY'S FIRST POST-WAR BATTLESHIP EMBODYING THE EXPERIENCE OF JUTLAND, AND BUILT TO THE LIMITATIONS OF THE WASHINGTON TREATY: H.M.S. "NELSON" TAKING THE WATER AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



THE GERMAN TAXI-DRIVER UNDER POLICE CONTROL: A BERLIN DRIVER RECEIVING HIS NUMBER FROM A POLICEMAN BEFORE TAKING HIS FARE



THE GREAT AMERICAN AIRSHIP RECENTLY DESTROYED IN A GALE, WITH THE LOSS OF HER CAPTAIN AND TWELVE OTHERS OF THE CREW: THE "SHENANDOAH" OVER LONG ISLAND AT 10,000 FEET.



THE "MECHANICALISED" BRITISH ARMY: "DRAGON-DRAWN" ARTILLERY (WITH "CATERPILLAR" TRACTORS) HASTENING INTO THE "WAR ZONE" DURING THE RECENT MANŒUVRES



THOMAS HARDY'S TRAGIC HEROINE, TESS (MISS OWEN FRERAGON-DAVIES) RETURNS HOME, IN THE BARNES REVIVAL OF "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."

OF NOTABLE RECENT EVENTS FAR AND NEAR.

P. AND A. THAT OF THE "SHENANDOAH" (BY R. A. SMITH) BY COURTESY OF THE FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS.



A BRITISH CRUISER CONVERTED INTO A NAVAL AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: H.M.S. "FURIOUS" LEAVING PLYMOUTH RECENTLY FOR HER STEAM TRIALS



THE "WEDDING" OF THE NILE: A PICTURESQUE ANNUAL CEREMONY AT CAIRO—THE "AHABA," REPRESENTING THE "BRIDE," DRESSED WITH SILK AND FLAGS.



AN UNVEILING IN FLANDERS ATTENDED BY THE LORD MAYOR OF BRADFORD: THE BAILLEUL WAR MEMORIAL, REPRESENTING A SHELL-SHATTERED CHURCH.



THE NEW "FEMININE" UMBRELLA AS A WEAPON OF ASSAULT: AN INCIDENT OF THE PARIS BANK STRIKE—A GIRL DEMONSTRATOR ATTACKS A CASHIER.



THE TRAGIC LOVERS IN "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" AS REVIVED RECENTLY AT THE BARNES THEATRE: TESS (MISS GWEN FRERAGON-DAVIES) AND ANGEL CLARE (MR. ION SWINLEY).



ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO ARGENTINA: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRESIDENT, DR. DE ALVEAR, LEAVING THE DOCKS AT BUENOS AIRES ON THE PRINCE'S ARRIVAL.

The new British battleship, "Nelson," the first designed since the war, and embodying the lessons of Jutland, was launched at Newcastle-on-Tyne on September 3, from the Walker Yard of Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth and Co. She was "christened" by Dame Caroline Bridgeman (wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty), with wine of the Empire. The "Nelson" is the first British battleship built under the Washington Treaty, with a displacement of 35,000 tons, the prescribed limit. It has been reported unofficially that she will carry nine 16-in. guns.—H.M.S. "Furious," converted at Devonport from a cruiser to an aircraft-carrier, was commissioned on September 1 for service in the Atlantic Fleet, in place of the "Argus."—In Berlin anyone taking a taxi must inform a policeman, who gives the driver a number and enters the fare in a register. When the taxi comes back the driver has to wait his turn for a new fare.—The terrible disaster to the United States Naval airship "Shenandoah," on September 3, caused much controversy and criticism of the authorities. While cruising at

3000 ft. near Cambridge, Ohio, the airship was broken by a storm into three pieces, two of which fell, while the forepart drifted and landed ten miles away. Of 11 officers and 31 men on board, the captain (of whom a portrait appears on page 489) three other officers, and nine men were killed.—Bailleul, where a war memorial, representing the Church of St. Vaast after German bombardment, was unveiled on September 5, has been "adopted" by Bradford, whose Lord Mayor attended the unveiling ceremony.—The strike of bank employees in Paris led to some violence in demonstrations on the boulevards. Strikers on the pavement molested employees, who had remained at work, as they came out.—The Army Manœuvres in Wiltshire included a "battle" between two opposing forces ("Northesk" and "Southesk") which ended on September 7. Tanks and "dragon-drawn" artillery took an important part in the operations.—Mr. Thomas Hardy's play, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (from his famous novel), was revived at the Barnes Theatre on September 7.

HARD RIDERS AMONG WHOM THE PRINCE WON A RACE: GAUCHOS.

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ARGENTINA.

The Argentine 'Gaucha' is a picturesque figure in black & silver on Sundays & fiestas, wearing a small sombrero, handkerchief & bombachos (wide trousers) and soft boots of black and wide belt, knife, spurs and reténque (whip) of silver. His 'potro chico' or native-bred horse is fitted with a 'recado', comprised of sheep-skins laid over two rounded lengths of wood which fit each horse's backbone.

'Taba' is throwing knuckle-bones to slight edgewise at various distances.

Roses playing at 'Bochas' a kind of bowls.

'Las Carreras cuadreras' are races of the 'campo' between two champion horses from rival Estancias. The challenger often coming many leagues accompanied by his friends and backers. It is the ambition of every 'Gaucha' to own the crack horse of his district, and feeling often runs very high between the wildly enthusiastic spectators.

The 'Toreadoras' is a Chilean sport and a feature of all fiestas. Two opposing sides face a long barrier and make their horses press sideways until one party gives way.

'Corriendo la vaca' is a Chilean rodeo sport. A horseman driving a bull round an enclosure, endeavouring by skillful collision to bump the bull into special spots of the walls without injury to his steed.

'La Sontija' is a favourite camp sport—a small ring being hung from a cross-bar and a rider having to shear the ring while at full gallop.

'La Roseta' is the chase over the pampas of a gaucha wearing a rosette on his sleeve and endeavouring to elude his rivals.

Bryan de Grineau.

Republica Argentina—25

TYPES THAT INTERESTED THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CAMPO: SOUTH AMERICAN COWBOYS AND COUNTRY SPORTS.

A few days before his journey across the Andes into Chile, the Prince of Wales made an extensive tour in the Argentine campo, or country regions, and was deeply interested in the daring horsemanship of the gauchos, or South American cowboys. On September 1 he visited Mercedes, and thence motored to the great Liebig estate known as the Ita Caaba Estancia, which covers many leagues. The Prince, riding a horse saddled in gaucho fashion, inspected vast herds, and saw stampedes and round-ups of wild horses. In the afternoon the party attended a rodeo, in which many wild bronchos were ridden. Still greater stampedes were

then organised, followed by races over the plain among the gauchos. The Prince himself won the visitors' race. In the evening he was escorted to the boundaries of the estate by a cavalcade of several hundred gauchos in full costume. "The name gaucho," writes our artist, "was given to the wild, half-Indian, independent bands of horse-breaking cattle-men, who roamed the pampas when the Argentine was less civilised. Gauchos, who practically live in the saddle, pass Sundays in various mounted sports. The Argentine has no games in which cattle figure, but the Chilean peon is very fond of el corriendo la vaca.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

A "ZOO STAR TURN": THE LION AND TIGER CUBS AT PLAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEVILLE KINGSTON.



"ON MY LEFT, JACK OF AFRICA."

THE Nigerian lion cub (known as "Mary Pickford" until found to be a male) and the new Indian tiger cub are now fast friends, and their playful sparring bouts in a grassy enclosure outside the Lion House form the "star turn" among the "Zoo's" attractions. When they were first introduced (as noted in our issue of August 29, with photographs of the young lion) there was "some unpleasantness," from which the keeper who separated them was the chief sufferer. The tiger cub is one of three obtained in India by Major W. O'Rorke, who sent the other two to the Dublin "Zoo." The London cub whined miserably all night after being separated from his companions, but is now quite happy with his new friend.



"ON MY RIGHT, TEDDY OF ASIA."



FIRST JACK PULLED TEDDY OUT OF THE BASKET, AND GOT A JAB IN THE EYE FOR HIS TROUBLE.



THEN TEDDY HUSTLED JACK OUT OF THE BASKET, AND RECEIVED A HEARTY BANG ON THE NOSE FOR HIS TROUBLE.



THE BOUT CONTINUES: A CAT-LIKE ENCOUNTER "ON THE TILES."



BACK TO THE "GROUND FLOOR": TEDDY SUCCEEDS IN PLANTING A "LEFT" TO THE NOSE.



TEDDY FEINTS WITH HIS RIGHT, WHILE JACK PRESERVES A WATCHFUL ATTITUDE.



TEDDY DEVELOPS A THIRST, WHICH CAUSES A TEMPORARY SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A NEW SHAKESPEARIAN ERA.—THE EVER-GREEN TROUBADOUR.

IN Holland there is an old saying—"Amsterdam never knows nor cares what Rotterdam does." Yet they are but fifty miles apart. And here is proof that what applies to Holland is nowise different from London's attitude towards provincial centres. Not very long ago, in Birmingham, Sir Barry Jackson, at his Repertory Theatre, did a deed which was akin to a revolution. He, imbued with Shakespeare's perennial spirit of modernity, boldly produced "Cymbeline" in modern attire and modern manner of address. Had so far-reaching an innovation been attempted in Paris, Berlin, or New York, it would have been proclaimed *urbi et orbe* as a world-stirring event. But London hardly took any notice. Comments in some papers were passed over; there were no polemics, as might have been expected; there was no stir in the theatrical world; no protest was loudly uttered by Shakespearian devotees. Birmingham is so near and yet so far—what's Hecuba to London?

And yet this provincial effort was the beginning of a new era. Sooner or later it would mark an epoch in the evolution of the drama. And so, when Sir Barry Jackson felt sure of his foothold in the Metropolis, he announced that on August 25th, 1925, at the Kingsway Theatre—a date for remembrance—he would let "Hamlet" be performed in modern dress, by members of his own company—most of them not even known by name in London's world of the theatre.

This time there was some excitement in the camp; there were great expectations and some apprehensions. No doubt many on that evening went to the little theatre in Great Queen Street in secret dudgeon, ready to scoff. Had anyone dared such iconoclasm before the war, that has liberalised so many of our views and demolished so many conventions, there might have been outcry of sacrilege, profanation—as rent the air in the 'nineties when Ibsen rammed the gates. Shakespeare modernised! What would Moy Thomas, Clement Scott, Alfred Watson Bendall have said?—for in those early days of the century they were the majority, and for an open mind one had to rely on Archer and Walkley, and they reached but thousands while the others influenced myriads.

Nor dare I say that on the 25th of August all remained to pray. The cause has been fought—victoriously—but the effort has only begun to make itself felt. There is controversy in the air, and, no doubt, despite the enthusiasm on the first night, there were those in the audience who tacitly sharpened their pencils to say anon in print what they dared not vociferate in the presence of overwhelming acclamation.

But one thing was as plain as a pikestaff. What might have been considered as a huge joke—and that was the idea prevailing in many quarters in discussion before the event—impressed that numerous audience as a puissant manifestation. And the conviction was carried away by one and all that this modernisation of the national poet was an omen of the future. Conclusively has been proved, what many have felt long ere this, that in thought, and even to a certain extent in expression, Shakespeare is so near to our times, maybe to all times to come, that there is no longer need to follow tradition slavishly in raiment and in utterance. For let us be candid on this point. Some Shakespeare plays—unless they be interpreted by stars, when the players and not the play become the thing—bore the average playgoer and still spell ruin; for the average playgoer, in contrast to the audiences of the Old Vic, is a mere pleasure-seeker. He may have an eye for the "show," he may wake up in certain passages "full of quotations," but, too lazy to think, wearied by declamation (often, alas! sententious and blatant), he outwardly, because convention ordains it, listens with dull respect, but inside he sighs: "How long, father; how long!"

Now that selfsame playgoer, seeing the same play interpreted without trappings and clash of armour, without sonorous intonations and artificial solemnity, without pomposity and rhetorical finery; interpreted by ordinary, live human beings who behave like him—

the humanity of the play; he will be fascinated by the fate and fatalities that pertain to the *Sturm und Drang* of Hamlet's rebellious adolescence. This understanding, for that it is, is difficult to define. In a word, it means that Hamlet in the old form, a person of whom he knows little and that little hazily, is to him merely tradition—something akin to the tedious lessons he had to pore over in his schooldays. Hamlet modernised, on the other hand, lays hold of his imagination. He can follow him; he can, as it were, fit him into his own views of life. He ceases to be an extraordinary being in a very strange world. Even the Ghost Scene ceases to be "spookery," for the average playgoer reads his paper—if he reads anything—and is told by very clever people that the world beyond is in active communication with some of us, at any rate, these days.

On another occasion I may revert to the "Hamlet" performance in particular. Now I would urge how momentous and justifiable the new method is. That it will spread is a foregone conclusion. Sir Barry Jackson himself foreshadows an active campaign, with "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice" to follow, and he may be relied upon to take good care that neither the historical plays nor those comedies are touched which by their nature would be de-poetised in modernisation.

And so, in course of time, that which may yet seem strange and bold and somewhat hazardous at the moment will settle down as the order of the day, and add to the popularity of Shakespeare without impairing the dignity of his works which by their spirit are independent of the traditional garb and intonation.

It was at one of those delightful, festive gatherings at the Café Royal of "The Bohemians," of which Mr. Eduard Duveen is the spirited and inspired president. It was a gathering of celebrities—painters, poets, best-sellers, K.C.s and M.P.s and K.B.E.s—and, one and all, after dessert, had to "pay" for their dinner by "doing something." All did it well and wittily, but when one man rose and sang, the atmosphere became magnetic. It was Charles Hayden Coffin. He sang his songs of seafaring and brine, he sang of the lonely little house deep down in the country, he sang "Queen of My Heart," with which, in Cellier's "Dorothy," he warbled himself into fame many, many years ago. And when he sang it again, lingering lovingly on the sweet notes of a thumping heart adoring the innamorata, that audience of celebrities was rocked in sheer delight, and at the end they hailed him and sang in chorus, carried back to that dream-land of youth "*quand on pleure à vingt ans*"!

And now Charles Hayden Coffin, with his quiver full of melody, has begun at the Coliseum a grand tour of the leading variety-houses. And what happened at the Café Royal recurred in the great house in St. Martin's Lane. The audience was enchanted, charmed by the setting, a cosy drawing-room, where Charles Hayden Coffin was "discovered" sipping after-dinner coffee with a pretty damsel whom he invited, with that old-world grace all his own, to play a tune, which she, (Miss Keady) did delightfully. Then it was his turn, and in an instant that vast audience was under his spell. And when he had sung once—twice—thrice, there were shouts from all sides: "Queen of My Heart, Charlie!"; and, as he rendered it in fullness of notes as vibrating as ever, it was a sight to behold the sea of faces wreathed in smiles and daydreams of romance. We were all young once more, and hailed in gratitude the evergreen troubadour for a gentle lift into the seventh heaven—Charles Hayden Coffin, the artist, the singer, the fine actor, who to-day, as before, would draw all the world as a hero of musical comedy and operette.



"A S'PAINFUL EPISODE," OR, "ONION IS STRENGTH": THE CO-OPTIMISTS IN "A GRAND SPECTACULAR DRAMA OF THE BULL-RING" IN THEIR TENTH NEW PROGRAMME, AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Co-Optimists have returned to town, and are as good as ever in their new programme, the tenth since they began operations nearly five years ago. Miss Betty Chester has rejoined the company. In the mock bull-fight Mr. Gilbert Childs makes an amusing matador.

self and may express extraordinary ideas yet in a natural manner, will be kindled to interest. He will be engrossed by the story; he will begin to understand the characters; he will no longer be wearied by the long speeches, but listen to them with rapt attention. He will, perhaps without realising it, discover



PLAYING THE SINISTER HEROINE OF "THE GREEN HAT," AT THE ADELPHI: MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS IRIS FENWICK.

Mr. Michael Arlen's new play, "The Green Hat," is dramatised from his novel of the same name. Miss Bankhead plays the wife whose husband commits suicide the day after their wedding, and who, years later, comes to a similar end herself on the eve of an elopement.—[Camera-Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.]

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XXVII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

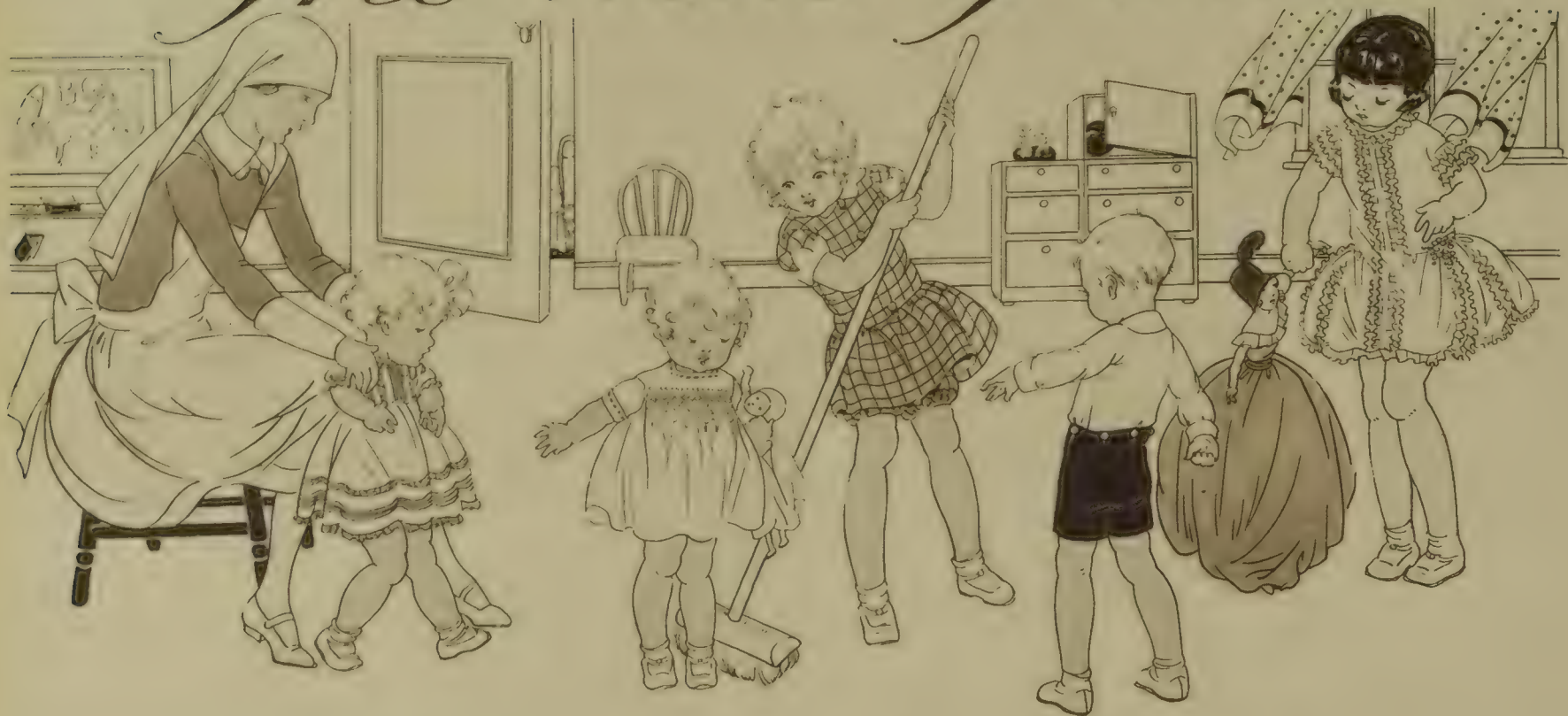


THE GREY SQUIRREL ONCE MORE EXHIBITS HIS MALIGNANT HUMOUR.

This rather painful episode in the adventures of Blinx and Bunda, when the Grey Squirrel took occasion once more to exercise his malignant humour at their expense, occurred on a Sunday. Now Sunday visitors, it should

be explained, do not ignore the Society's notices requesting people not to feed the animals. That spiteful Grey Squirrel knew this all the time, and directed the hungry pair to all these notices in turns.

The World of Women



These charming outfits or nursery parties were sketched in the salons of Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, W. Pictured from left to right are a tiny frock of crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with Valenciennes lace; a white crêpe-de-Chine smock with coloured embroidery; a frock and knickers of beige Viyella; a "buster" suit of Shantung and brown velvet; and a frilly affair of white organdie. (See page 498.)

THE formal betrothal of Princess Ileana of Rumania, now in her seventeenth year, to Prince Amedeo of Italy, was announced recently, and the relations-in-law on both sides, although not the principals, were present to ratify all the preliminary arrangements. Princess Ileana was here in England, where her education is being finished. She is a very handsome girl, and is said to be very natural and very nice. Prince Amedeo, Duke of Apulia, is twenty-seven, and is Captain in the Italian Artillery. He was over here since the war with his mother, who was Princess Hélène of France, born and brought up in England, and married in the little Chapel at Kingston-on-Thames built by a former Countess of Mexborough. It was a very formal ceremony. The Crown Prince of Italy—now King—was best man, and the last of King Louis Philippe's daughters, great-aunt of the bride, was present, and treated by the French royalties there with ceremonious homage. Princess Hélène was always a great favourite of Queen Alexandra, and on her last visit here went to Sandringham to see her Majesty. She was a very beautiful girl, and the Duke of Aosta a very fine, handsome man; their two sons are also tall and good-looking. The bridegroom-elect is next heir to the Italian throne after the Crown Prince and his own father. The Crown Prince is twenty-one on the 15th, and is unmarried. The latest rumour, that he was to be betrothed to the eldest Spanish Princess, lacks confirmation. The Rumanian Royal Family are of the Orthodox Greek Church. Princess Ileana will, of course, have to be of the Roman Catholic faith. Prince Amedeo has one brother, who is in the Italian Navy, Prince Aimone, Duke of Spoleto. He is twenty-five.

Princess Mary's stay at Floors Castle interested her greatly. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe were tenants for some years of her Royal Highness's London home, and while at Chesterfield House entertained the King and Queen, with whom they are great favourites. The Duke was specially asked by the King to join his staff for the Empire tour on the *Ophir*. Floors Castle is very up-to-date as to interior, and is also very handsomely furnished. It is an imposing pile, and was several times visited by Princess Mary's great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, to whom the late Duchess of Roxburghe was Mistress of the Robes. It is one of the best examples of Tudor architecture in Scotland, and stands on a terraced lawn on the north bank of the Tweed. It has one tragic historic association, as King James II. of Scotland was killed in the grounds by the bursting of a cannon of those early days. Coldstream, from whence in 1659-1660 General Monk raised the Cold-

stream Guards, is not far from Floors. There is no grouse-shooting near the Castle. For that the Duke goes to Byreclough. The young Marquess of Bowmont and Cessford, the only child of the house, was twelve on the 7th instant.

Miss Mary Frances Billington, who passed out from amongst us quite recently, was not only a journalist of great distinction, but was also distinctly a personality. She was a woman of reserve, but with depth of character. Her writings were rarely emotional,

but always clear, informative and clever. On such occasions as her heart was touched deeply she wrote very sympathetically, and once at least, about the unveiling of the Cenotaph quite nobly and grandly. Her friends were many, her enemies none, for she had the kindest of hearts and the clearest sense of justice. Although a woman journalist, she took her stand equally with the men of the profession, and so far from their exhibiting any jealousy or dislike for her so doing, few women have had more kindly understanding from the brother sex. She was not a suffragist, she was not a fighter for women's rights in any ostentatious way; but women had no better friend than she. When many members of the profession were hard hit by the war, she quietly did her best to help, and through her the Queen's interest was also brought to bear on the question, and hard times were mitigated for many. Mary Frances Billington was a brilliant woman, and, better than that, she was a kind and good one.

The King is a real Highland chieftain when in Scotland. He wears the kilt always, of hunting tartan or plain tweed in the daytime, and in the evening the full Highland dress. His piper plays at eight every morning under his Majesty's window, and every evening marches piping round the dining-hall, as soon as the King and his guests have seated themselves for dinner. There is a small hospital in the grounds at Balmoral, and a doctor is daily in attendance in case of illness of any guest, member of the Household, or employee. One day during the royal stay is set aside for netting Loch Muick, when the King and members of the Royal Family and party lunch at Glassalt Sheil, a cottage built by Queen Victoria. The ghillies set the net, and royal personages help to draw it in; sometimes the King himself gives a hand, and, putting on waders, assists in taking the trout from the net, whence they are removed to large water-vessels and sent alive to Balmoral, some for the kitchen, but most for the Dee.

Sir Patrick Blake, who is shortly to be married to Margaret Lady Dalrymple, is a Suffolk man. The family is, however, a branch of the ancient one of the Blakes of Galway. Sir Patrick is a widower; his son is in the Navy, and won a D.S.O. in the war. He is married, but has no family. Margaret Lady Dalrymple was the wife of Sir David Dalrymple, and her son is now eleven. Two of her sisters are the Duchess of Grafton and the Countess of Cassillis. A. E. L.



Here are two views of one of the newest autumn models. It is a two-piece suit built of cedarwood velours de laine. The frock is faced with a russet nuance, and the flaring coat introduces the new roll collar carried out in stone marten opossum. From Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W. (See page 498.)



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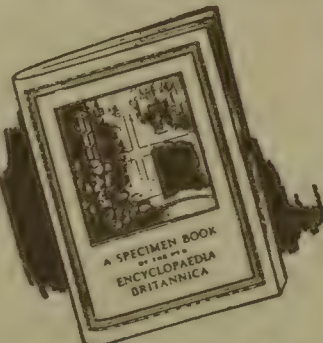
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The newest models from Paris introduce it on frocks, coats, and hats with lavish generosity, and the vogue of a warm welcome, for every woman appreciates the becoming background made by this material.

Gossamer dance frocks of shaded georgette have their

surprisingly modest prices. The one in question is expressed in cedarwood velour-de-laine, the dress being faced with a russet nuance, and the coat, introducing the new roll collar and godet skirt, bordered with stone marten opasum. The price is £14 complete. There are other models, ranging from £4 10s. At this price is one in tweed with a long tailored coat, and a simple frock made with an inverted pleat in front, and another is carried out in repp. £7 will secure a delightful frock and coat of grey velour trimmed with nutria, the dress gracefully flaring, and the coat lined with satin. Long coats in suitings and tweeds range from 80s., and fur-trimmed ones from the same amount.

Frocks and Suits for Little People.

Never have fashions for little people been more attractive than they are to-day. One has only to glance at the fascinating affairs pictured on page 496, which were sketched at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W., 175, Sloane Street, S.W., and 108, Kensington High Street, W. On the extreme left is a hand-made party frock of crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The price is 49s. 9d., size 16 in., and 35s. 9d. secures the little smock of crêpe-de-Chine, sizes 16 in. and 18 in., in white, blue, or pink.

Next comes a sturdy little person wearing a frock and knickers of tan Viyella, an ideal outfit for nursery romps, costing 29s. 9d. complete, size 18 in. The small boy's suit is carried out in shantung and velvet, and may be obtained for 35s. 9d.; while the frock on the extreme right is expressed entirely in organdie, price 42s. 9d. Then there are cosy hand-knitted suits comprising coat, cap, and gaiters, in wool bordered with the brushed variety, to be secured at the special price of 37s. 11d., the set; and tailored coats of serge are 31s. 9d., size 16 in.



Here is a reproduction of an octagonal coffee-pot of the time of Queen Anne, photographed at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.



A copy of an antique christening-mug carried out by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

full fluted skirts bordered with velvet motifs and petals, while on many, a bow of narrow velvet ribbon appears unexpectedly in front at the low waist line. The day frocks are neat affairs of repp or marocain, with straight backs and flaring apron skirts, completed with high Eton collars finished with demure little velvet bows matching gauntlet cuffs springing from the long, tight sleeves. Chiffon velvet, soft and supple as chenille, is the usual variety, but some of the most striking creations are expressed in velvet stamped with crocodile markings.

Inexpensive Two-Piece Suits are an important feature of the new fashions, and one of the latest autumn models is pictured on page 496. It may be studied in the salons of Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W., where there is a wide choice at

The Vogue for Queen Anne Silverware.

Every hostess takes a pride in a perfectly appointed table. Fashions in silverware vary periodically, and to-day there is a vogue for silver of Queen Anne and early Georgian styles. Its fineness of outline, allied with extreme simplicity, is specially suited to domestic purposes. At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W., is a wonderful display of perfect reproductions of this silver, including the four fine examples pictured here. They are all hand-made and bear the same careful workmanship and lasting qualities as would the originals. These, and countless other articles, solve in the happiest way the problem of wedding presents, and the christening mug on the extreme

This quaint sugar-dredger in the Queen Anne style is a perfect copy made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, in the higher "Britannia" standard of silver used in the seventeenth century.

left is one of many reproductions of antiques which are suitable for christening presents.



Perfect workmanship is present in this silver sauce-boat, the reproduction of a George II. model. It may be seen in the salons of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

Nicoll Models

Parade of Autumn Fashions

The first of a series of Mannequin Parades will be held in the Showroom on Wednesday, September 16th. Many interesting new ideas in tailored Costumes, Gowns and Wraps will be shown.

11.30 to 12.30 and 3 to 4.30.

"Edith"

Costume in check suiting. Three-quarter length coat with panel at sides, finished with three buttons. Plain tailored skirt.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

ONE of the most interesting books on music that have come my way for some time is Mr. Eric Blom's "Stepchildren of Music." Mr. Blom's name will probably be familiar to most "Premenaders" as the collaborator of Mrs. Rosa Newmarch in the programme notes of the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. Mr. Blom has gone into the byways and side-tracks of musical literature, and has brought together a mass of interesting and unfamiliar material. We open a chapter entitled, "An Error of Rossini's Youth," and discover that this error was the composition at the early age of seventeen of five string quartets modelled on the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, for whom the young Rossini had such an ardent admiration that he was nicknamed by his fellow-students at Bologna, *il tedesco*—the little German. Few people know that these quartets, of which he had a poor opinion, were published in London in 1824, with the following title-page: "Cinque Quartetti Originali per due Violini, Viola e Violoncello, Composti dal Celebre Rossini e dell' Editore Ricordi dedicati a S.E. Lord Burghersh, Ministro di S.M. Britannica in Toscana. Londra, presso Grua e Ricordi 2 Albermarle Street Piccadilly."

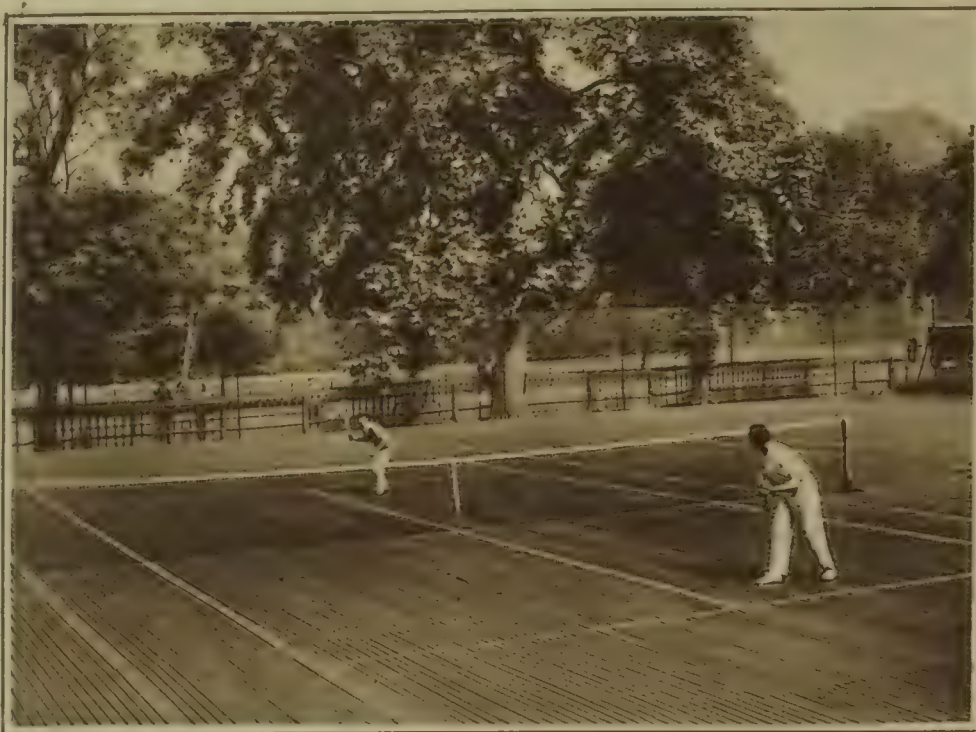
According to Mr. Blom, they are now unobtainable, except by copying out the parts from the British Museum, but Mr. Blom has examined them, and they exhibit, as one might have expected, "great facility of thematic invention . . . without a trace of individuality." Apparently they follow the model of Haydn's quartets pretty closely, although their part-writing is even less well balanced than Haydn's.

That is to say, Rossini cares for nothing but the melodic line entrusted generally to the first violin. This is practically all that Rossini ever cared for, even in his maturity. One has only, for example, to compare the Overture to "The Barber of Seville" with Mozart's Overture to "Figaro" to discover that. But such a weakness matters far less in opera than in the string quartet form, for a string quartet

which is merely an accompanied song for violin is one of the most tedious of all forms of music. In Mr. Blom's words, these quartets, "in spite of immaturity, flimsy technique, and lack of individuality, have at any rate the natural flow, the high spirits, and the impeccable taste we love in much of the later Rossini."

How many musicians know that Wagner wrote a number of French songs? Mr. Blom gives us an interesting description of them. They were written when Wagner was about twenty-six, in great poverty in Paris, trying to keep afloat by hack-work, while he was working to get "Rienzi" performed, and preparing to compose "The Flying Dutchman." His friends, Lehrs and Anders, suggested that he should write some songs suitable for performance by popular singers, and they looked out suitable French words for him to set. In 1840 he managed to get a set of "Trois Mélodies" published. They were offered to various singers—Pauline Viardot, Dumont, a tenor at the Opéra; and Gérardy, a popular concert singer, but without much success. The first of these songs was a rather charming Lullaby; the second a setting of Ronsard's "Mignonne," which is remarkable, according to Mr. Blom, solely for the complete success with which Wagner imitated the French style. Of the third song, a setting of "Attente," from Victor Hugo's "Orientales," Mr. Blom says that it is the least commonplace, "but its originality is gained by a sacrifice of elegance. Wagner wrote badly for the pianoforte. He must have thought orchestrally from the beginning, and, indeed, the repeated staccato chords of this song would have made a delightful accompaniment for wood-wind and horns."

[Continued overleaf.]



A WOOD SURFACE FOR HARD LAWN-TENNIS COURTS OFFERING MANY ADVANTAGES: THE NEW "YANNAH" COURTS IN REGENT'S PARK.

Two wooden hard courts of a novel type, known as the "Yannah" court, have just been completed at Holdright's Golf School and Lawn-Tennis Grounds, North Gate, Regent's Park, where our photograph was taken. They are said to be very much liked, especially by the professional, who finds the resilient surface less tiring than those to which he had been accustomed at Queen's Club. The "Yannah" courts, which are constructed by Messrs. Humphreys, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, claim many advantages over all other kinds of hard courts. They involve no expense for levelling the ground and practically none for maintenance (watering, raking, rolling, and so on). The court drains itself dry, and can be used five minutes after rain, nor is it affected by frost. There is no dust, and the marking is permanent. The "Yannah" courts can be moved, if desired, from one site to another.

Photograph by Sport and General.



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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



(Continued.)

such as we frequently come across in his music-dramas, but on the piano it is almost unbearable."

Wagner also set a poem by Béranger, "Les Adieux de Marie Stuart," of which Mr. Blom remarks that it is completely French in style, and would never be taken for the work of a masquerading German. This is a very interesting testimony to Wagner's extraordinary fluidity and adaptability. Wagner is one of the most remarkable of poets that an extreme flexibility of temperament, an almost mercurial impressionability and fluidity of character, can co-exist with extraordinary strength of will and artistic originality. Perhaps the most remarkable of all Wagner's French songs is his setting of a French translation of Heine's "Two Grenadiers." On Dec. 29, 1840, Wagner wrote to Schumann: "I hear that you have composed Heine's 'Two Grenadiers,' and that at the end occurs the 'Marseillaise.' I, too, have set it to music, last winter, and have also used the 'Marseillaise' at the finish." According to Mr. Blom, Wagner's setting is superior to Schumann's in one point at least, and that is in keeping the "Marseillaise" to the accompaniment. I am glad to see that Mr. Blom does not think very highly of Schumann's song; it has never owed its popularity to its musical merit, and perhaps we may one day find an English singer enterprising enough to give us Wagner's version instead. In fact, Wagner's French songs would make a very interesting group in a vocal recital, and I recommend them to singers who are on the look-out for unhackneyed material for concert programmes.

Mr. Blom appears to be one of the few musical critics living who have studied the musical compositions of Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh." Admirers of Butler do not need to be told that Butler was the most rampaging

Handelian there has ever been. He thought Bach "niggling," was indifferent to "Don Giovanni" (which is astonishing for a man with his sense of humour), preferred at least on one occasion Moszkowski to Beethoven, but apparently lost his critical faculty entirely as soon as he was confronted with any composition by Handel. This extraordinary fact makes one realise that Butler was not the son

sceptical intelligence, a lack of pompous self-deception or emotional enthusiasm, who seems to lose his head completely whenever the name of Handel is mentioned, and gush like the most feather-brained school miss. For him Handel was "the greatest musician whom the world has ever seen," and "a greater man than Homer." One might suspect a touch of irony in the latter comparison, since

Butler wrote a book to prove that the author of the *Odyssey* was a woman; but one's suspicion would be unjustified. Irony forsakes Samuel Butler as soon as Handel is the subject of discussion. Many a man has had a bee in his bonnet, but Butler had a Handel in his head which poured out the most ranting nonsense as soon as it was turned.

Another curious fact is that Butler's music is pure imitation Handel without a spark of life. Butler confessed that he would have regarded poking fun at Handel as a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. Isn't that incredible from Butler? Obviously, Butler's deliberately suppressed reverence came out in a rush here and took its revenge upon him. For the words of his cantata, "Narcissus," are frequently amusing. It contains such passages as:

Great is the joy of wealth; but great the care
Of knowing how I turn it to account.
In what shall I invest it?—

and in the following, treated fugally:

How blest the prudent man, the maiden pure,
Whose income is both ample and secure;
Arising from Consolidated Three Per Cent. Annuities paid quarterly.

But to these words he wrote the most solemn, careful, and lifeless music! Undoubtedly the Rev. Mr. Pontifex had his revenge.

W. J. TURNER.



NOW ON VIEW IN LONDON: A CHARMING EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PANELLED ROOM EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. HOWARD AND SONS.

This well-proportioned paneled room, now to be seen in the antique department at Messrs. Howard and Sons, Ltd., Berners Street, W., is English, and dates from about 1740 A.D. It is constructed of pine, and was for many years painted. After it was taken from the house it was made for, and the many coats of paint were removed, the woodwork and carving proved to be a perfect specimen of its period, and to have a delightful grey colour. The chimney-piece is a typical design of Kent or Gibbs. The separate chimney-piece is also of pine treated in a similar manner, but is of a later date than the room. It is typical of the work of Abraham Swan of about 1755.

of a parson for nothing. It is really a case for the most super-subtle Freudian analysis, since here is a writer remarkable above all things for a hard,

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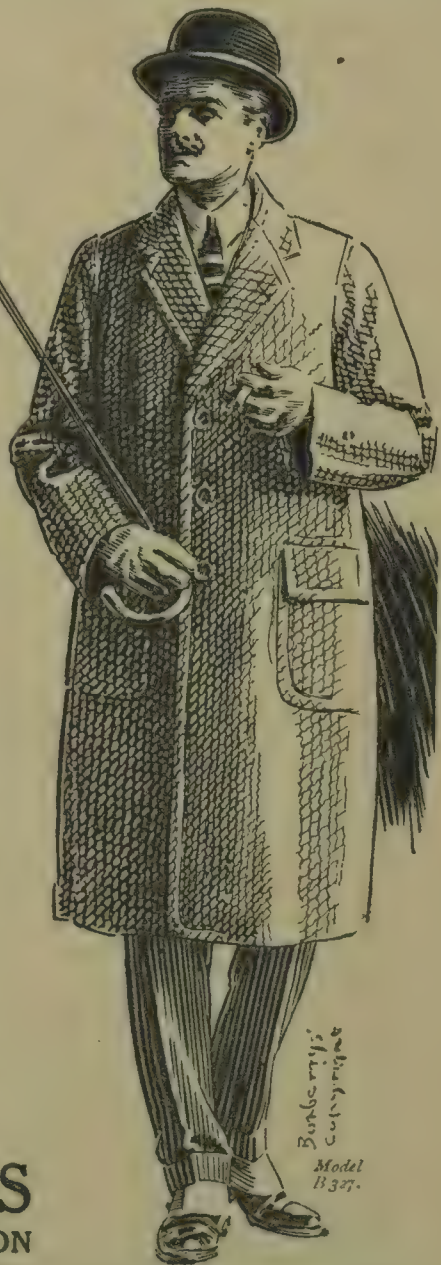
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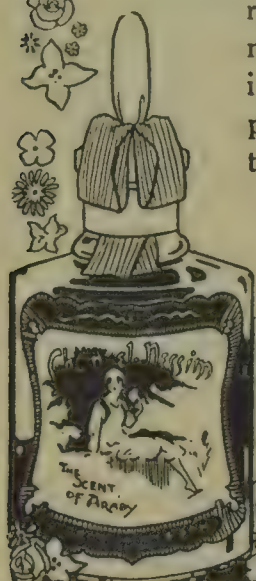
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It is not often that I "enthuse" about a car. A long experience of cars and their ways has made me very critical of their performance and points, and, while I am often able to say that such-and-such



MOTORING ON A BEAUTIFUL ROAD IN LAKELAND: A MORRIS CAR BY THE SHORE OF THIRLMERE, WITH FISHER CRAG IN THE BACKGROUND.

a car is good, or even among the best in its class, seldom is it possible to say of one that it stands out in front of its fellows by anything more than a trifle. A few days ago, however, I had a car on test which it is very difficult to talk of without going too far in the way of praise of its road performance. The car I refer to is the 14-60-h.p. Lancia Lambda. As

most knowledgeable people know, this is a car which embodies several rather peculiar features of its own. Notably, the frame and body are practically a single steel pressing, which entirely eliminates all body rattle and noise, and makes for a rigidity of the whole structure which is impossible of attainment with a chassis of the conventional design. I am aware that there are certain possible drawbacks to this method of construction, but they are far outweighed by the advantages. Then, the springing of the front axle is unusual, being by coil springs and oil cylinders. However, these points of design are not the things that matter at the moment.

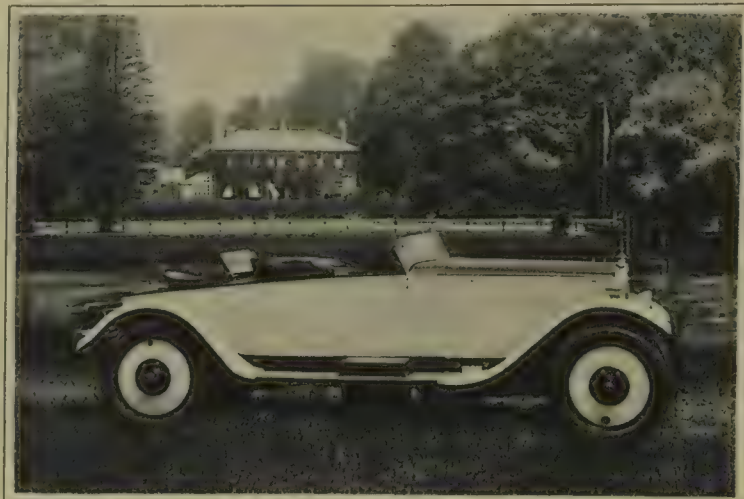
When I took over the car I intended simply to make a test over my usual fifty miles of road, but so pleasurable was the driving that I extended to a hundred and fifty, and still wanted more. I have never driven a car which held the road as well—she sat down to it under every condition of road and driving as though glued to the surface. The acceleration was simply a marvel. The way the car jumped to fifty miles an hour was a revelation, while the speed range on "top" was, I found, from about six miles an hour to seventy-five. On hills the car was an unalloyed delight. By a judicious use of the gears hills could be climbed at a speed which left much more powerful cars simply standing, and yet it was as docile as the most de-tuned touring car imaginable. There was nothing I did not try, from hill-climbing on all gears to speed on the level, and at every point the Lancia more than fulfilled my most critical expectations. My judgment of it is that it is a car in a class by itself.

More Bosch Magneto Successes.

The Bosch magneto has recently added a very notable series of successes to its long record of victorious accomplishments. In classic motor-cycling trials, the Bosch magneto has lately been notably triumphant. In the International Six Days' Trial, Mr. T. G. Meeten gained the premier award of a gold medal on his 3.5-h.p. New Gerrard,

fitted with a Bosch magneto. On Brooklands track, Mr. W. D. Marchant recently established a new record for 200 kilometres in the 350 c.c. solo class, his Chater Lea motor-cycle fitted with a Bosch magneto accomplishing a speed of 84.11 miles an hour. Mr. H. Le Vack, the famous Brooklands record-breaker, added to his laurels last week by obtaining a number of fresh world's records on the Weybridge track. Riding a 250 c.c. Coventry Eagle J.A.P., Mr. Le Vack established new records in Class A for 50 kilometres, 100 kilometres, and 200 kilometres, and also for 50 miles and 100 miles. On the same occasion he again lowered the one hour and two hour records, the figures as now standing to his credit being 76 miles 1308 yards, and 150 miles 326 yards respectively. Riding a 350 c.c. Coventry Eagle J.A.P., fitted with a Bosch magneto, Mr. Le Vack also established a new series of Class B records on Brooklands track. For the flying start kilometre he put up a speed of 160.071 kilometres per hour, and for the flying-start mile a speed of 98.66 miles per hour. These records also apply to Class C, for machines of 500 c.c. capacity.

W. W.



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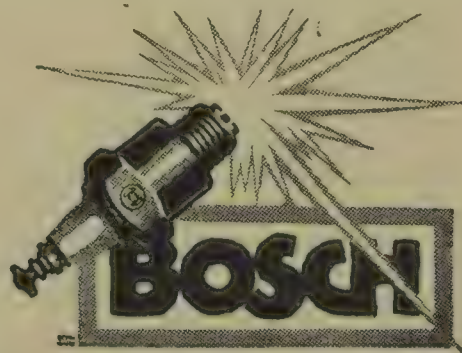
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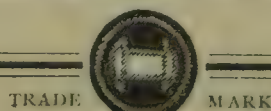
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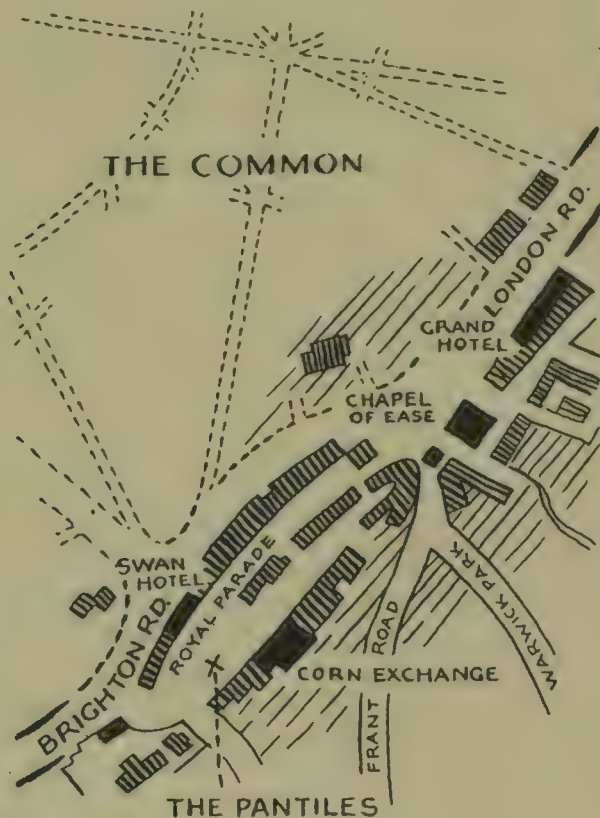
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

T T BRIDGE (Colchester).—Your analysis of No. 3963 is very good, but scarcely exhaustive enough. If Black, for instance, replies 1. R to K B 4th, how do you continue?

W KIRKMAN (Hereford).—Kindly note what is said above.

Problems received with thanks from L W Caferata, T K Wigan, Ernest Robins, and A Newman.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3961 received from H A Seller (Denver, Colo.), G de Doctorovich (Malaga), and J W Smedley (Brooklyn, N.Y.); of No. 3962 from A Taylor (Sheffield), M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), J M K Lupton (Richmond), John Hannen (Newburgh, N.Y.), A Edmeston (Worsley), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), and E J Gibbs (East Ham); and of No. 3963 from T K Wigan (Woking), C B S (Canterbury), A Taylor (Sheffield), J Hunter (Leicester), H W Satow (Bangor), C H Watson (Masham), J P Smith (Cricklewood), R C Durell (Hendon), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), S Caldwell (Hove), and H Irvine (Liverpool).

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Stratford-on-Avon in the Championship Tournament of the British Chess Federation, between Messrs. J H BLAKE and T H TYLOR.

(Queen's Pawn Opening—Irregular Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th Kt to K B 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th P to K Kt 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Kt 2nd
4. P to K 4th P to Q 3rd
5. P to K Kt 3rd Castles
6. B to Kt 2nd Kt to B 3rd
7. Kt to K 2nd

White's play so far has the endorsement of such eminent authorities as Schlechter and Rubinstein; but Black seems to suffer less restriction in his development along these lines than is usual in the normal opening.

8. P to Q 5th P to K 4th
9. P to K R 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
10. Castles P to K B 4th
11. P to B 3rd P to Q R 4th

Presumably to guard against an advance on the Queen's wing while his plans are maturing elsewhere.

12. B to K 3rd P to K R 3rd
13. P to Q R 3rd Kt to R 2nd
14. Q to B 2nd Kt to K B 3rd
15. Q R to Q sq P to K Kt 4th
16. B to B 2nd P takes P
17. P takes P B to Q 2nd
18. K to R 2nd

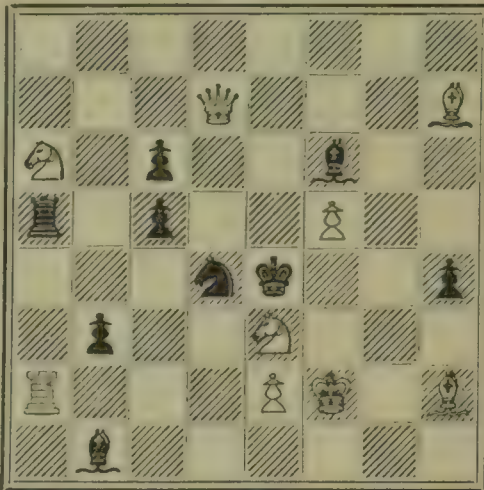
Seeing the King is played back again three moves later, this looks like lost time; but the posi-

The annual congress of the British Chess Federation, held at Stratford-on-Avon, attracted its usual good attendance of players and interested spectators, and provided a fortnight's excellent fare. We have only space to summarise the principal results, but mention may be made of Mr. T. H. Tylor's first appearance in the championship tournament, where until the last two or three rounds he ran a neck-and-neck race with the leaders. Mr. H. E. Atkins repeated his last year's attainment of the post of honour, and Mrs. Stevenson carried off the Ladies' Championship. The following are the leading scores in the chief events: British Championship—H. E. Atkins, 9½; F. D.

Yates, 8½; E. Spencer, 7½; T. H. Tylor, 7. British Ladies' Championship—Mrs. Stevenson, 10½; Miss Price, 9½; Mrs. Mitchell, 9; Miss Gilchrist, 7. Major Open Tournament—J. A. T. Drewitt and E. Znosko Borowski, each 9½; C. R. Gurnhill, 7½; O. C. Muller, 6. By his play on this occasion, the ninth time he has won the Championship, Mr. Atkins indubitably proved himself the foremost master of the game England now possesses. He did not suffer a single defeat throughout the Tournament.

PROBLEM No. 3964.—By E. G. B. BARLOW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3962.—By T. K. WIGAN and R.S.M. STURGESS.

WHITE

1. K to Q 8th

2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK

Anything

We much regret that the position as printed in this case is not as it was contributed by the composers. An error discovered in proof at the very last moment demanded a hastily improvised rectification, which badly spoiled the problem. The two Black Rooks and the Black Pawn should have been on the King's file instead of the Q B's, and the Black Kt at Q B 8th, instead of Q B sq. It was the misplacing of the Kt that caused the trouble; and the difference it made to the elegance of the proper construction must be apparent to everybody.

The "Spinet House," who celebrate their 150th anniversary this year, are surely moving with the times, as they are now selling, at the popular price of 10 for 6d. and 20 for 1s., their world-famous "Spinet" Cigarettes in a new packing known as "Spinet Round," with cork tips. All the fine qualities that have made the large oval "Spinet" Cigarettes famous for so many years are embodied in the "Spinet Round," which in every respect are worthy of the traditions of the "Spinet House."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE PRISONERS OF WAR," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

A HARROWING but very thoughtful play is that we obtain from Mr. J. R. Ackerley under the title of "The Prisoners of War." Here we are shown a group of men, members of an active profession, reduced to inactivity. Their conditions are not so hard as were those of some war-prisoners. No cruelty is exercised towards them, but rather considerable kindness; their captivity takes the pleasant form of residence in a Swiss hotel, where much is done to give them entertainment. But they are denied liberty, of course. They are shut up together, and must be constantly meeting; forced contact has made them get on one another's nerves. The play is a study of such unnatural isolation, and of its inevitable effects—of the breakdown of those social virtues of politeness and forbearance which are only possible when individuals can escape each other's society; of rawed tempers and weakened minds and slow demoralisation. We see the process of decay affecting certain well-defined types. One officer, morbidly attached to a young cad, can be watched gradually losing his reason. A second man, concerned about his wife, and at last hearing of her death, commits suicide. A third drowns his thoughts in drink. We are left doubting whether the others will avoid insanity unless they quickly obtain release. The play forces us to share the feelings of these troubled souls, and to tremble with them on the brink of horror. It is a work of unusual distinction, and the acting of Mr. George Hayes, Mr. Ivor Barnard, and Mr. Robert Harris is worthy of the play.

"THE GREEN HAT," AT THE ADELPHI.

Mr. Michael Arlen's characters in "The Green Hat" talk a strange jargon. Where has he met the young man lately down from Oxford who even in drink would prate about the "cleanness" of a dead pal, as though the qualities of a Galahad must attach to a Rugby "Blue," and would denounce his own sister the day after her marriage as a "harlot"? Where has he come across the young girl of to-day who speaks of herself as a "virgin"? And where, oh! where, has he met the bride who, shielding the bridegroom who has committed suicide on his wedding night, can assure her world, at her own expense, that a profligate "died for purity"? These expressions, sickening enough in the novel, become more so as spouted from the stage. As for Iris, the sensualist heroine, who is supposed to keep an untarnished soul

[Continued overleaf.]

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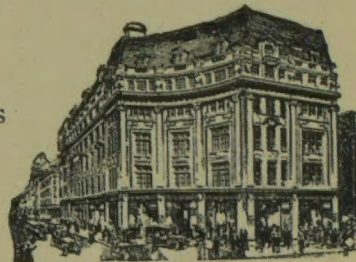
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(Continued.)

in a wanton body, there is neither devilry nor any special glamour about her as she figures in the theatre. She employs the husky notes of Miss Tallulah Bankhead's voice, and tells her story with that actress's catches of breath and rather too low-pitched diction, but she has not the devastating charm of your *grande amoureuse*. Nor is Napier, the boy-lover from whom she was torn, and whom she renders disloyal to his innocent fiancée, Venice, made worth any woman's regard, despite the efforts of Mr. Leonard Upton; nor does Mr. Norman McKinnel's Sir Maurice Harpenden suggest so much the country house as the City board meeting. They are dreary folk, anyhow, these Marches and Harpendens, with their florid rhetoric, their perverted generousities, and their lack of breeding; there is, however, one splendidly stormy piece of acting from Mr. Eric Maturin, as Iris's half-crazy brother, and on that account a visit to "The Green Hat" is certainly worth while.

"BEGINNERS' LUCK." AT THE GLOBE.

If half the dialogue of Mr. Fred Jackson's so-called comedy, "Beginners' Luck," were blue-pencilled from the text, the rest might make an agreeable short play, half-melodrama, half-farce. Do Mayfair husbands commission their chauffeurs to compromise

their wives? Do adventurous gallants climb balconies to help distressed ladies in their bed-rooms, and don burglars' masks in an emergency? Probably not, but the seasoned playgoer is ready to grant Mr. Jackson or any other playwright such hypotheses as start for a story so long as he can keep the excitement he has promised really going. And Mr. Jackson, with a tell-tale cigarette-case and a scene of trickster husband tricked and "vamp" exposed, has got a trump card in reserve, which is effective enough when produced. But, oh! the lengths of dialogue which thin out his action—dialogue in which he attempts to emulate a Noel Coward or a Somerset Maugham and fails. So, though he has written his "comedy" for Miss Margaret Bannerman, and obviously meant to give that piquant actress another such chance as she found in "Our Betters," the scheme only half comes off. If her glittering style is to make its mark, there must be wit in her lines, and the sense of the theatre in her speeches. Those things the Globe dramatist has still to master; Miss Stella Arbenina, in fact, comes off better than Miss Bannerman—in the very obvious rôle of the "vamp."

"DE LUXE ANNIE." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The notable feature of the new Duke of York's production, "De Luxe Annie," is the fact that it

introduces to London a hard-working and attractive actress, Miss Mary Servoss. She plays the part of a girl who, as the result of accident and amnesia, tumbles into a life of crime, but has subconscious moments in which she wants to give up this career. The idea might have made an interesting play, but, instead, it is crudely and clumsily managed by Edward Clark, the author. Miss Servoss deserved better luck.

"THE LONDON REVUE." AT THE LYCEUM.

Robust and full-blooded, as Lyceum productions should be, "The London Revue" should settle down into a big success. There are sturdy comedians here—Mr. John Kirby, for instance, excellent in his sketch of an untipped taxi-driver; Mr. George Carney, droll as ever with his "Little Bath Street" turn; Mr. Billy Danvers also at his best, and as a wind up to the entertainment comes Jack Hylton's Band. Whether the show really needs a film star to help it along, when it already possesses such a first-class variety show, is for Lyceum patrons to say. At all events, here is Pearl White, who performs such thrilling feats in the "movies." On the whole, she seems to come off better in the cinema than on the stage, though her dizzy climb in a studio scene must certainly take some doing.

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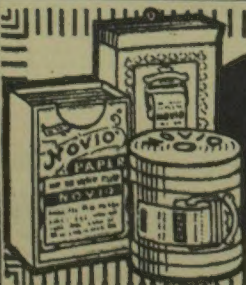
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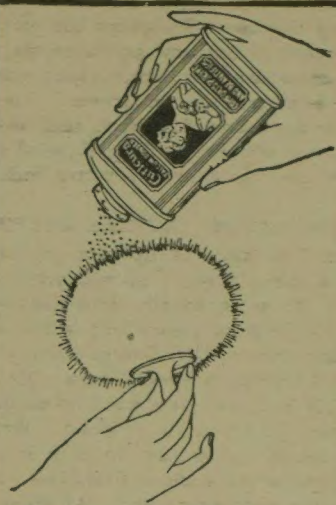
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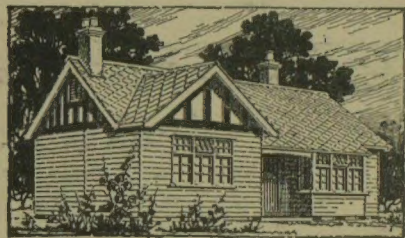
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